MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

APRIL 15, 1945 • TEN CENTS

Speed the Day – **BUY VICTORY BONDS**

Miles Master I two-seat advanced trainer (Rolls Royce Kestrel Engine) One of the British trainers used in the vast Royal Air Force expansion programme

TEACHING THE WORLD TO FLY

Throughout the British Empire hundreds of thousands of young men have learnt to fly on British-designed and British built aircraft They have passed from elementary to intermediate trainers and on to special models of fighters and bombers—all evolved by British designers for the progressive mastery of the modern warplane with its stupendous performance and almost unbelievable intricacy of equipment

British training aircraft maintain unchallenged to-day their reputation for safety, reliability and flying qualities which make the finest pilots

THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS — LONDON — ENGLAND

Editorials

Ready, Set—All Heave Together!

YOU likely read the National War Finance Committee's advertisement which, polling reports of Victory Loan salesmen, sorts Canadians into eight types

In case you didn't, it listed as tops the "Responsive Type"

These are people who gladly lend their money because they feel the conditions we enjoy in this land are worth fighting for and worth paying for who answer their call to duty as readily as our soldiers, sailors and airmen answer their call to duty

There were 3¼ million Canadians who so responded to the last Victory Loan

These are the people the soldiers' overseas newspaper, The Maple Leaf, had in mind when it said this

> "The veteran knows recovery from war's hangovers isn't going to be easy . . . But if thoughts of the future are ofttimes disturbing heart can be taken in the realization that the Canadian people the kind of people we like to think of as Canadian have always taken an interest a priority interest, in the welfare of their fighting men overseas and still are They have not lacked in appreciation May the appreciation be mutual "

There is the "Thrifty Type," who realize that *holding* bonds is as important as buying them if we are to finance the fight to a finish the "Budgeting Type" who include war bonds in their savings plan, the "Farseeing Type" who buy bonds regularly so that some day they will have cash with which to buy a house a farm, a business a car

And then there is the other side of the picture The "Hot and Cold Type" who won't buy bonds this time because the war will be over in a few weeks, or because the end is nowhere in sight The "Grudging Type," who buy the smallest bond they can get away with. "The 'Suspicious Type" who don't believe that bonds are as good as cash in the bank

There is the "Thick Skinned Type" who could buy but callously refuse to do so

FORTUNATELY there aren't many Canadians who come within the last four categories What few there are need to be reminded that the men who are fighting for them don't shirk battle because the war may be over in a few weeks or because the end is nowhere in sight

They need to be reminded of the countless men who have given everything of such men as F/O Roderick B Gray, George Cross, who, desperately wounded, his leg shot away, helped to get the crew of his aircraft shot down into the North Atlantic into the one small dinghy available who himself refused to add his weight clung to the side throughout the night—and died

They need to be reminded that those who fight consider that bonds are as good as cash and buy them

As for the "Thick Skinned Type" callous to the casualty lists, to the youngsters they see hobbling on crutches, to those who cheerily are learning to live useful lives without their sight—well, there aren't many of them, thank God, and sooner or later they'll have to live with their conscience

NOW comes Canada's Eighth Victory Loan Between April 23 and May 12 we are asked to reach the biggest objective yet—$1 350,000,000.

Mr Churchill has said, "One strong heave will win the war"

What he meant of course was One Strong Heave ALL TOGETHER

Canadians, in tanks on foot with packs and rifles, with engineers' tools in bomber and fighter planes in ships large and small Canadians who man field and base hospitals who operate transport, are straining every nerve to smash down the last furies of Hitlerism

They are putting their back into it, confident that we at home are doing the same—that we're ALL HEAVING TOGETHER.

Sorry, We Twisted It

COMMENTING on the Canadian taxation system in our March 15 issue we pulled a boner Referring to taxes on company and shareholders' income we said that Britain avoided double taxation, which was correct But we said that over there "corporate income is taxed When the remainder is distributed as dividends, the shareholder does not pay again" It has been pointed out that it's the other way round, that corporate income as such is not taxed, but when a corporation pays out dividends to shareholders it withholds an amount equivalent to the standard tax (at present 50%) The shareholder making out his income return, enters the full amount of the dividend and takes credit for the amount deducted Then if the shareholder's total income puts him in say the 30% tax bracket he is entitled to claim a refund of the amount of the difference. If he is within the 70% bracket he pays the difference

Sweet Simplicity

WE NOTE with sadness the way many writers and radio commentators smack their lips over great big words Editor Brown of the London Observer is worried about it Not only does he shudder over such phrases as "In the opinion of authoritative circles at the higher levels it is considered that the situation is showing an increasing tendency to deteriorate" (meaning things will get worse) but he fears that some future translation of the Bible will discard the phrase, "heal the sick" and substitute something like "Rehabilitate those who are suffering from psychophysical maladjustment"

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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HOW TO GET

Low Cost Freedom from Rust

IN ANY HOME

Cape Cod Home
Designed by Floyd Yewell
Architect

NOTHING you can put into a house gives such a worthwhile return on the investment as *copper!* And because it has been a symbol of quality for so long, many people have no idea that it is beyond their means. But copper is not expensive. In terms of service, copper costs much less than shorter lived materials. You can provide vital rust proofing for this trim looking Cape Cod home by installing:

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Copper rain gutters and downspouts
Bronze window screens and hardware.

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In the Editor's Confidence

IT WAS on March 4 that we received from Vancouver a letter signed "Archaeologist." It suggested that the war both in Europe and Asia would come to a dramatic finish on March 23 and that "before the exultation has subsided a hellish outbreak will plunge the world into war once again." Wrote our correspondent: "This extension of the conflict will start on the summer solstice June 21, 1945 and after lasting 306 days, will end April 23, 1946. Truly awful, but don't blame me. This is but a small excerpt from a message written over 5,000 years ago."

On March 6 the newspapers reported that the mother of Sir Bernard Montgomery had written the British Commander that the war was scheduled to end March 23 and urged him to make sure that the prophecy was fulfilled.

As we write in mid-March and this number of Maclean's won't reach you until around April 10 we don't know and you will know whether or not Archaeologist and Monty's mother were right or wrong.

However if the war does end this spring or summer without so terrifying an encore as the ancients appear to have predicted there will be a general election in Britain, the first in a decade. A Ministry of Information bulletin tells us that it's likely that 1,500 candidates will contest the 640 seats, that 800 (including only 80 women) already have been adopted. On page 12 Beverley Baxter, our London Letterer, weighs the chances in that election, discusses the possibility of Britain swinging to the Left and guesses that the Tories may lose 100 seats.

● The number of candidates seeking seats in the House in proportion to the number of seats available is not unlike the proportion of Canadians who want houses and cannot get them, certainly not on a rental basis. The problem for many is whether to buy or build, whether the latter solution can be handled. On page five, in the first of two articles, John Caulfield Smith, recently appointed architectural editor of Maclean's, tells just what is involved in building a home and how you go about it. Born in Barrie, Ont., Mr. Smith took his professional training at the University of Toronto, graduated with honors, gained practical experience in architects' offices in Sudbury and Toronto, opened his own practice in 1938, joined the engineering staff of a vast war plant when hostilities started, enlisted in the Royal Canadian Engineers, returned to civilian life in 1944, served with the Toronto City Planning Board. He has a missionary fervor for better housing and community planning, combines with it a practical knowledge of the thousand and one details involved in designing, building and equipping a Canadian home.

● There is something more than fictional interest in "Moonshine in the Valley," the short story on page 16. It represents a conquest over one of the gravest afflictions that can befall one. For many years its author, Hector Chevigny, has been turning out movie and radio scripts, selling fiction to the biggest magazines on the continent, published two books. Little more than a year ago with unusual suddenness, he became totally blind. Undaunted, he is still writing. Chevigny's parents were French Canadians who moved to Montana, where he was born.

Laura M. Quence, whose "Too Much Amour" sparkles on page eight, lives in Nanaimo, B.C., where her husband is engaged in building ships for the Canadian fleet. A four-year-old daughter doesn't prevent Mrs. Quence from rotating three short stories at a time and working on a book as a means of relaxation.

● On page 10 we present our fifth political quiz with Blair Fraser asking the questions and Solon Low, national leader of the Social Credit party, answering them. And on page 15 Jack Paterson tells what Powell River, a British Columbia company town, has done about the rehabilitation of its war veterans and the business of keeping all its citizens content and comfortable.

● Speaking of rehabilitation apart from jobs, the home-coming soldier and his family both have adjustments to make in the matter of resuming home life. In our next issue J. D. Ketchum, assistant professor of psychology at the University of Toronto on loan to the Wartime Information Board, says that "Home Won't Be Heaven, Soldier," but it can be made the next best thing; tells on the basis of actual experience how the mutual difficulties of home-coming can be smoothed over. There'll be another Inspector Stark detective story by Arthur Mayse, a romantic tale by Thomas H. Raddall, an analysis of what Canada's attitude at the San Francisco Conference will likely be by Blair Fraser, an article on Cancer by Dr. W. W. Bauer and a Rhapsody on Trout Fishing by Wm. C. Cooke.

● For 21 years the composing room end of the make-up of this magazine has been handled by a veteran printer, William McKay. Now Mac has retired. We of the editorial department just want to say how much we have valued so long an association and remind our readers that engaged in the production of a publication like this are many expert, nice, wise birds they never hear about.

H. Napier Moore

PLAN TO MAKE EVEN MORE USE OF

Electricity

in Your After-Victory Home

IN THE bright new or re-designed home you plan to have when peace once again returns—determine to take full advantage of Canada's abundant, low-cost electric power.

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Coffee maker
Kettle
Food Mixer
Sandwich Grill
Air Heater
Sunlamp
Heating Pad

While many of these appliances are not now available, restrictions have already been lifted from some and limited supplies are on the way. Contact your General Electric Appliance Dealer

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MACLEAN'S
APRIL 15, 1945

So you'd like to Build—

By JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH

Building a home of your own is one way to escape the housing problem. How do you go about it?—Maclean's architectural editor explains the advantages—and difficulties—in the first of two articles

THERE ARE 150 000 Canadian families living in congested quarters.

To house them we'd have to build another city as big as Toronto. Or if you think one Toronto is enough we could build instead another Ottawa, another Winnipeg, another Hamilton and Windsor. Either way the total dwellings provided would be the same.

How did we ever get so far behind?

Till 1929 new construction kept pace with current needs. But the hungry thirties affected the building industry like the sun does ice cream. By 1934 the gross value of construction had melted to one third the 1929 figure.

Housing was one of the sickest members of the building family. To promote its recovery the Dominion Government, as doctor of economics, prescribed legislation. First came the Dominion Housing Act 1935, then the National Housing Act 1938.

While the patient responded immediately, the supply of new houses never caught up with the need. By 1941 one million people were living in overcrowded conditions in our 27 major cities. To Three Rivers went the honor of being the most congested place in Canada. Hull, Quebec, Sudbury, Halifax and Sherbrooke came next. Montreal was seventh with Sydney, Moncton, Edmonton and Prince Rupert not far behind.

What has been done about it?

Wartime Housing Limited was organized in 1941 to provide low-rental dwellings for warworkers. Additional measures were the Home Extension Plan 1942 and the Housing Conversion Plan 1943. Last year a new National Housing Act was announced.

You, the reader, may be affected by this housing shortage. No doubt you occupy quarters of some sort, but beyond protecting you and your family from the weather the accommodation is most inadequate. You urgently need a better place in which to live and are open minded on the subject of whether to rent, build or buy.

Bill Green is in the same fix. He's a top-notch technician who came to Hamilton in 1941. It took time but he eventually located a landlord who let him have two rooms over a store. The arrangement was to be temporary. Bill's wife expected a baby. However he never did find anywhere else to live. The baby is now four years old and has a little brother and sister.

The Government urges all persons not engaged in war or essential civilian activities to leave "emergency shelter areas" like Hamilton as soon as possible. Bill Green might still have the luck to find a nice apart

Some companies foster home ownership by their workers. The employer of the owner of the bungalow at the left advanced half the down payment. Above — A co-operative housing development starting in Montreal

erect or house for rent. But now he would have to obtain authorization from the local Emergency Shelter Registry before signing the lease. If he should be moved to another area under similar controls he would have to get a permit from the Emergency Shelter Administrator before beginning to look for somewhere to put his family.

Sweeping as the new regulations are, they cannot produce housing where none exists. Nothing is more certain than that rental accommodation will remain scarce.

As a matter of fact Canadians prefer home ownership. Almost three out of five families at present own the dwellings they occupy. And if you plan to build or buy you won't be alone. According to a nationwide survey completed by the Postwar Research Department of The MacLean Publishing Company Limited, 250 000 Canadians desire to build and 185 000 wish to buy homes of their own.

Are You the Owner Type?

IS IT better to have your house tailored-to-measure or to buy one ready made? No general answer can be given to this question. It is a matter of personal inclination coupled with the necessity of getting in a district you like, a dwelling which will satisfy your requirements at a price you can afford.

Though this article is concerned with building it must be remembered that, build or buy, ownership of a house carries with it certain responsibilities. Are you willing and able to assume them? If you're elderly, or prefer to have things done for you rather than do them yourself, you may find ownership irksome. If your trade or profession requires you to be free to avail yourself of employment opportunities in other cities or towns, home ownership may restrict your movements. If you are unable or can only with difficulty accumulate sufficient savings to make a down payment on a house, or if your employment or income fluctuates widely, home ownership may be too great a risk for you to run. Dispossession or foreclosure in the event of inability to keep up mortgage payments means loss.

Economists agree that, roughly speaking, two to two-and-one-half times the annual income of the head of the family is the maximum amount which can be safely spent in building or buying a house. If this sum is exceeded it has been found that there will not be enough money left to provide for the necessities, let alone the minor luxuries, of life. It is ironic that a man with no family can afford to buy a larger house than his fellow worker of equal salary who has children and needs more space.

In the MacLean Postwar Research survey, one half of the 250 000 families who indicated their intention of building said they expect to do so at a cost less than $4 000 for house and lot. Only one of every six persons interviewed planned to spend more than $6 000. Over one half plan to finance erection of their homes entirely from savings. Of the remainder almost twice as many expect to apply for a National Housing Act loan as plan some other mortgage or deferred payment scheme.

Under the Act one quarter of each loan is made up by the Dominion Government and the rest by the lending institution, which may be an insurance, mortgage, trust or loan company. A joint mortgage is taken as security and, in addition, the Government gives the lending institution a limited guarantee against loss on its share of the loan. The guarantees are largest on low-cost houses and those built in rural areas and remote communities.

How to Apply for a Loan

APPLICATIONS for mortgage loans are handled through the lending institutions. A list of these and their addresses may be obtained from the Director, National Housing Administration, Department of Finance, Ottawa, or from any of the regional offices of the administration. Raymond Card, Toronto regional director, says there are eight things to do in order to obtain a loan under the Act.

1. Select a lot which will meet with the approval of the lending institution.

Your choice of site will determine the value of your whole investment. Pick a restricted district of good residential character, where the cost of land will not represent more than 10% to 15% of your total expenditure on house and lot. Don't complete purchase arrangements until you have the mortgage manager of the lending institution advise you as to the acceptability of your site. Take an option in the meantime if necessary.

2. Have a set of plans prepared to scale, or select a National Housing Act plan.

An architect's services are invaluable, not only in designing your house but in preparing specifications and supervising construction. As an alternative to employing an architect you may obtain stock plans from the National Housing Administration, four sets for $10. Pamphlets illustrating the various house designs offered can be had for the asking.

3. Fill in the memorandum specification booklet supplied by the National Housing Administration.

Your plans must comply with the minimum standards of construction established by the Act. These are given in the front of the memorandum specification booklets supplied by the Administration, four for 40c. The various clauses of the specification must be filled in by your architect or builder. Do not attempt to do it yourself unless you understand construction.

4. Get a contractor to give you a price for building the house.

You must know the cost of your house before you start to build. This can be estimated by a contractor basing his calculations on your plans and specifications. Choose a reliable man, one whose honesty and ability are vouched for by people who have employed him in the past. If you have an architect he will look after the details in connection with calling for tenders, selection of a builder and signing the contract.

5. Have in cash or land, or both, an amount equal to your share of the cost of land and building.

A down payment of 10% on the first $4 000 of lending value and 30% on all lending value over $4 000 is required. The lending value of a house and lot is defined as either the total cost or the appraised value, whichever is smaller. Formerly the two closely approximated one another, but today—due to the National Housing Administration's unwillingness to recognize current building costs—the officially appraised value is 10% to 20% less than the contractor's estimated price. The owner must make up this difference in addition to his down payment.

The down payment may be in the form of land or cash, or both. The lower the lending value the smaller the down payment necessary. The interest rate is 4½% yearly, and a number of repayment plans are offered. Payments covering both interest and principal are made each month like rent. The monthly payment on a 20-year mortgage comes to $6.30 on each $1 000 of loan. The popular "5/15" year plan permits higher repayments during the first five years when maintenance costs are low, then smaller payments for the remaining 15 years.

This table shows how much the homeowner pays (a) monthly and (b) over the entire term of the mortgage for each $1 000 he borrows.

Term of mortgage	Monthly payment on each $1 000 of loan	Total payment over entire term
20 years	$6.30	$1 512.00
5/15 "	$7.63 (first 5 years) $5.63 (last 15 years)	$1 471.20
15 "	$7.63	$1 373.40
10 "	$10.34	$1,240.80

To the monthly payment must be added one twelfth of the annual municipal taxes.

If an owner should wish to repay his loan in a shorter period than originally arranged, he may make additional payments each year up to 5% of the amount of the mortgage. If he desires to repay the loan in full at the end of the third or any subsequent year, he may do so with the payment of three months' interest as bonus.

A temporary maximum limit has been placed on the lending value of house and lot in order that available labor and materials may be most effectively employed. The Minister of Finance states: "For a single dwelling with one or two bedrooms the limit is $6 000, increasing to $7 000 for three bedrooms and $8 000 for four or more bedrooms. The intention is to raise these maximum limits when and as materials and labor become more abundant."

6. Make arrangements to have the house built and supervised in your own interest.

While, if an application for a loan is granted, inspections are made by the lending institution and the National Housing Administration as construction progresses, these merely check compliance with standards established by the Act. If the contractor is able and experienced it may not be necessary to oversee his work. If he's not, and you are a building amateur, it is wise not to attempt to supervise it yourself. An architect will make sure your money's well spent.

7. Be prepared to show that the cost of the house you propose to erect is in proper proportion to your income.

It will be necessary for you to provide details regarding your income, the amount of life insurance you carry, and your possession of cash, securities and real estate.

8. Fill in an application form and submit it to one of the lending institutions.

Applications for mortgage loans must be submitted together with plans and specifications, to the lending institution chosen. They are then checked, first by the institution itself, then by the National Housing Administration.

Don't begin building until the Government has approved your plans and specifications. When approval has been given and construction commences,

Continued on page 44

Illustrated by Mike

Records whirl nickels into a $10,000,000 jack pot a year for the operators of Canada's gaudy mechanized music cabinets

By ROBERT L. GOWE

THE juke-box people, chortling over their piles of nickels, are beaming more broadly than ever these days and don't hate anybody. And the bobby soxers and the hepcats go their own unfettered way little knowing why the tradesmen who make their nickels add up to $10 millions are so happy. As a matter of fact it's doubtful if very many of the gals in the plaid skirts and sweaters and the lads of the dangling shirttails ever heard of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council or the Canadian Performing Right Society.

Yet it is Lord Russell of Killowen, Viscount Maugham, Lord MacMillan, Lord Porter and Lord Simonds, five of the august ermined law lords of the Privy Council, who are responsible for the jubilation of the juke boxers. They awarded them a technical K.O. in a long legal bout with the Society, which had been given the judges' nod in the preliminary rounds fought out in the Canadian courts.

As a result of this decision the juke-box owners and the restaurants, cafés and hotels leasing the machines can hear Bing Crosby, the Andrews Sisters, the Dorseys, Artie Shaw, Goodman and the rest of the top swingsters to their own and their shaggy-haired customers' content and let the nickels and dimes ring merrily, well aware that the stream of silver is going only into their own pockets.

The Canadian Performing Right Society, hereafter to be known as CPRS (as the lawyers like to say), had indicated its desire to collect $10 yearly from each machine installed. An organization representing authors and composers, the CPRS is a reasonable facsimile of ASCAP in the United States and represents that organization in Canada. Their critics, among them the broadcasting stations and gramophone manufacturers who pay tribute, contend that little of the funds collected by the Canadian society (total revenue in 1944 was $240 000) ever gets back to the Canadian authors and composers of music, the most considerable portion of what's left—after deducting operating expenses and buying bonds—going to ASCAP and PRS.

In any case there was a substantial stake in the expensive litigation battled out in the Exchequer and Supreme Courts of Canada before being taken to the Privy Council in Great Britain. For the "juke box"—known to the trade as "coin phonograph"—is definitely big business. After the yearly "take" rose to $200 000 000 in the United States they stopped counting. In Canada there are a lot of people doing a lot of counting but they are a little hazy about figures. Statistics are not their forte.

Ten Millions a Year

IT IS generally agreed that there are now 10,000 machines installed in Canada, in every city and town from coast to coast. On the basis of the statements made by the restaurant owners and others themselves who have leased or rented the machines a low average weekly income would be $20. At that estimate it is now an annual $10 millions business. In the busier places, where the teen-agers hold swing and sway, weekly averages of $40 to $50 a week are not uncommon. A good proportion of the establishments where the juke box is king count on its revenue to pay the rent. And when they tell you about the loot they take a furtive look over their shoulder at that income tax fellow.

The juke box has virtually sent the radio to limbo in most of the dining and small dancing places. Its detractors also contend that it has destroyed a source of income for many itinerant musicians who carried their trumpets and drums from one small dancing hall to another and who usually turned up at the summer resorts in blue blazers and white flannels. There are a few die-hard restaurant keepers, sturdy individualists with aesthetic sensibilities stemming from the operatic traditions of their forefathers in Italy and Greece, who will have no truck or trade with the juke box and its jungle rhythms.

Others effect a compromise by keeping the box chained up during their busy meal hours, so as not to offend their more substantial customers. Generally, however, the juke box stands in its pristine splendor in a prominent place and no restrictions are placed on the numbers of nickels, dimes and quarters that may be placed therein.

Now, in the United States there are even machines where by inserting a quarter beautiful soul-filling peace can be obtained for 10 minutes of 60 seconds each. And in some Canadian and American cities there are elaborate arrangements made to coax the maximum number of nickels from diners. Booths in the restaurants have push buttons, a slot for the money and a list of the records available. You just insert the coin and wait for the number to be played. The only difficulty there is that so many records may turn up ahead of your own that it's time to get back to work before your own favorite can be played.

There are big dealers in the machines, notably the Vigneux Brothers of Windsor and Toronto, Donald Duff of Halifax, and the Smith Brothers of Victoria. Vigneux Brothers, the largest operators in Ontario, were the first in the field with the Wurlitzer and in those good days collected 80% with 20% going to the places that installed them. Competition changed all that and with several machines in the market, the Seeburg, the Mills, Rockola and Top-Flight, in addition to the Wurlitzer (distributed by RCA-Victor), the commission basis was brought to its present level, 50-50.

While the importation of the juke box was virtually stopped because of the present restrictive duty and the frowns of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, there were enough machines in the country before the regulations were tightened to keep it big business. There are now 600 in Toronto, 700 in Montreal, 350 in Vancouver, 150 in Halifax, 150 in Quebec City, 250 in Windsor, 250 in London, 300 in Hamilton, 200 in Winnipeg and 10 to 15 in a great many of the centres of smaller population in the provinces.

Many attempts have been made to trace the origin of the term "juke box" but nothing authoritative has ever been turned up. Many of the people in the trade regarded it as a term of opprobrium and there were several attempts made, with extensive and expensive publicity campaigns, to change the name. But it stuck and is now regarded as a gold nugget asset and is even incorporated into official documents. The

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TOO MUCH AMOR

By LAURA MAE QUANCE

When, at 14, a woman is disillusioned by a man it's pretty hard—In fact, it's sklonkish

Rissa was all white and gold. Everyone gulped and made sighs.

BREAKFAST at our house has become a delirious affair. This is due to father's alarm clock which is eccentric because of extreme old age. Sometimes it goes off at five in the morning, calling forth lurid words from father, none of which he could print in the Friar's Point Times, of which he is editor. Sometimes it waits until 7.30, which is half an hour too late, and then blows its top like a three-alarm fire. All this is probably very hard on father's nerves.

This morning the alarm clock didn't ring at all and father had to rely on his conscience to wake him. It was late. The element in the toaster had burned out, and mother said, "I've forgotten how we made toast before the era of toasters." Father said, "You weren't so helpless when we were first married," and mother replied, "That was before I got used to Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair."

Jeanie etc. was our erstwhile cook who left us one morning for a war plant. This naturally did not add to the peace of our household.

Father said, "I can't abide grapefruit without sugar," and mother said, "Try salt. It gives it a zip."

"It's a zip that one will struggle along without," growled father, attacking said grapefruit in the nude as it were.

I don't want to give the impression that father is of a sklonkish disposition. I can remember when he positively shone with good humor and tolerance and similar virtues. That was before his ace reporter went off to war and Hicks, the linotype man, joined up, and when father didn't have to print the casualty lists, many of which contain names of boys we know.

At this moment who should come gliding in but Rissa. Rissa never breakfasts with the family. I gave her a penetrating look. Rissa—in case you don't know—is "divinely tall and divinely fair," at least that's what the local men say. She is, without doubt, our town's most outstanding whistle bait. That she is my sister has nothing to do with it. We have never let our relationship inhibit us.

"To what do we owe this visitation?" father enquired politely.

Rissa smiled vaguely and folded into her chair. Rissa has been very vague ever since she and Flight Lieut. Warwick Mitchell got engaged.

"Wick and I are going to be married Saturday," said she.

"It seems to me I've heard that song before," I murmured.

"Mother!" Rissa sighed, "must Binkie wear that atrocious sweater? It makes her look like a colt."

Rissa hardly ever notices me except to make some disparaging remark in the rinky way of older sisters. After all I can't help being 14, which I seem to have been forever.

Just then Mr. Tompkins, the car-pool driver, honked at the gate. Father exploded out of his chair. Ike and Winston, Matilda's latest kittens, got unfortunately under his feet. Cats and father went into a spin. Father yelled, "Binkie, I thought I told you to give those infernal cats away . . ." The kittens headed for the kitchen with their tails like brushes, and the door banged behind father. The house shuddered, and settled again on its foundations.

"Well!" said mother. "Oh yes. You were saying something, Rissa dear."

"I said that Wick and I are going to be married Saturday."

"Dear me!" said mother vaguely. "This makes three times, doesn't it?"

THE first time Wick and Rissa had announced their engagement an impasse had occurred because two days before the wedding, Wick had to make a trip to the Pacific Coast. There he stayed all tied up in official red tape for months and months, while Rissa wasted away to a mere echo. It was too horrible. And Wick wouldn't permit Rissa to go out there because, he said, there wasn't a thing to live in.

But one day back he came and the wedding was set for the next week. I cringe. I simply cringe to tell what happened next. Wick, I should explain, is the type of virile, well-bred Englishman you might find in a novel by Somerset Maugham, but scarcely ever anywhere else. You just never think of him as the sort of person to whom mundane, everyday things can happen. Therefore it was so much more excruciating when he of all people had to get the mumps! So plebeian of him! The whole camp was quarantined.

Now here was Rissa again all starry-eyed.

"Well," said mother, "Saturday is not a lucky day for a wedding, but it would be even more unlucky to postpone it again." (I wondered if she could be as anxious to get Rissa married as I was. An older sister is such an odious handicap.) "After you've finished eating, Binkie, you'd better clean the silver."

"Mar dur! Again?" I groaned. "There'll be nothing left of that silver pretty soon but the mention of it in great-grandmother's will."

No one paid any attention to me of course, which I loathe, but which I am accustomed to.

"Wick and I," said Rissa dreamily, "thought we'd keep it simple. No invitations. Just the ceremony here at home."

"You can't do that!" I cried. "Not with all that glamour wrapped up in tissue paper upstairs."

"You can't indeed!" agreed Mother. "Not with all those presents sitting around and people wondering all sorts of things by this time."

That was on Monday. On Tuesday the invitations were out, and everybody in town was laying bets for or against. You'd have thought it was opening day at the races. On Wednesday I finished the silver—again—and while I was sitting on the back porch, cleaning my hands, Taffy Wilkes came around the house. An inadequate, if appalling, way to describe our relationship is to say we are "bosom pals."

Taffy flopped on the steps like a dying flounder. Grace is not one of her main points.

"I just heard the news about Squeak," said Taffy.

Squeak Travers, I may state, is my special province. We've grown up together. Squeak is deplorably ordinary—except in all those weird things at school that bend my brain, such as math, languages, etc. But since he joined the Air Cadets, I may say that his finesse has improved.

So I said casually, "News? Oh yes, you mean about the . . ."

"Sure. The wedding of course. His mother says he's to be in the guard of honor."

"I should think Wick would have his own officer friends do that," I objected.

"That's just it," said Taffy. "Most of his friends have been moved from here. Capt. Treadway is to be best man, as, of course, you know. Isn't he the swoony one, though!"

"Strictly Sinatra," I agreed.

AT DINNER that night, when I refused seconds, Mother said anxiously, "I hope you aren't going to be sick, Binkie. Just on the eve of everything."

"Oh, no," I answered listlessly. "It's just that if Squeak is old enough to be in the guard of honor I don't see why I can't have some share of my own sister's wedding."

"Why, Binkie!" said Rissa, wide-eyed, "I didn't suppose you cared. As a matter of fact Squeak isn't to be in the guard. I think he's to be an usher."

"I was meaning to say something about that," mother observed. "I don't see why Binkie shouldn't be in the bridal party. She's fully as tall as Shirley or Betty."

I couldn't speak. Why Shirley and Betty, the bridesmaids, must be old! At least 17. But Rissa said, calmly, "I've been thinking the same thing. There's a blue net down in Anderson's window, should be just about right for her. Do close your mouth, pet. You look too idiotic."

To say that I was stunned would be a gross understatement. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined this. At last they could see that I was growing up, that I was in fact a person. A whole new vista opened before me. Was it possible that I had stepped out of the bonds of juvenilism?

Mother was saying something else. I hadn't been listening. Now two or three phrases penetrated the fog I was in. ". . . And in her letter today Mavis said they would be up for the wedding. I'm so pleased."

Mavis! I pondered. That must be that old school friend of mother's who had moved to Toronto. "Mother!" I cried aghast. "Do you mean Mavis Hall-Browne?"

"But, of course," said Mother.

I scarcely had the strength to breathe. "Is Worthington coming too?" I managed to ask.

"I imagine so. And the little British refugee too I think. Mavis says she'll soon be returning to England. She's been here since '40. The refugee I mean."

"I can't—I simply can't—bear it if that void coupon comes here!" I moaned.

"Void coupon! What are you talking about?" said mother. "I warn you, Binkie, if Worthington Hall-Browne comes I shall expect you to do your duty as his hostess."

"Even if it warps me for life?" I entreated. And was ignored.

This Worthington boy was the biggest mistake in human form it has ever been my lot to see. I hadn't

seen him for three years, but I remembered that he had hair of a sticky shade of yellow, which he wore almost to his collar. His ears and neck were also long. He always walked with a sunning gait. When he talked he held his fingers up in airy little gestures. Our gang used to call him Sylvia, Sill for short. He often had a cold or pimples, or both. All in all he was the saddest Sam you'd ever meet. Mother might as well have said that Hitler would be dropping in for tea.

As for the refugee kid, I confided my worst fears to Taffy. "She'll probably tag us everywhere we go," I gloomed. "Probably want to play with paper dolls."

But even this bad news could not offset the positively unbearable ecstasy I experienced every time I thought of being bridesmaid or of wearing the blue net and tulle dress which even now had been purchased and was hanging in my closet upstairs.

BY FRIDAY the house was so clean you could see yourself coming and going. Even so, Mother kept dipping and gliding about the house like a swallow, talking to herself.

"My appointment for my hair is at 10," she murmured. "John, you must leave the car for me. I have to meet the Hall-Brownes at one. They won't have had lunch. Soup, cold meats and salad. Dinner tonight at Mrs. Travers. Dear Mrs. Travers, to take that off my hands. The flowers, the caterers—Binkie, you had better put fresh flowers in the guest rooms."

"Crickets!" I said. "What do you want to go and clutter the house all up today for, when tomorrow it will look like the county fair?"

Of course nobody answered me.

I went up to my room and looked at my dress again. It was a dream. But a dream. I visioned myself in it, drifting up the aisle, and everyone murmuring, "Goodness! Who would have thought that Binkie would ever grow up to even remotely resemble Rissa!"

I heard Rissa in the bathroom singing, "Amor, Amor, Amor," in a very tender voice. She was dressing to go out to lunch with Wick. He arrived in a borrowed car and they went off together, looking positively out of this world.

While I was cutting flowers from father's nondescript borders, Squeak came by on his bike. He had on his old tattletale-grey flannels, and his plaid shirt, and wasn't much to look at. He came skulking into the garden, saying in an awed voice, "Has he come yet?"

It was obvious that Squeak remembered Worthington too. "One o'clock," I said. "I suppose I'll have to entertain him all afternoon. Any ideas?"

"Take him to the swimming pool. Maybe he'll be good enough to drown," Squeak said heartlessly.

"Probably he can't even swim," I said. "He's the intellectual type. Besides," I added, "there's the British kid."

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Illustrated by Harold Eldridge

All Cynthia had to do was sit on the edge of the pool, and everybody stopped what they were doing to watch. Squeak stuck beside her like a limpet

Photo by McDonald Studios Ltd

Solon Low

By B. T. RICHARDSON

IT WAS just after Christmas and the Sunday school teacher in Cardston, southern Alberta Mormon centre, asked each of the pupils what Santa Claus had brought them.

"Not a darn thing!" was the reply of young Solon Earl Low to the consternation of the teacher, who still tells the story—for Solon had been in the bad books of Santa Claus that Christmas.

Now it is not too seriously suggested that young Solon Low's disappointing experience with Santa Claus planted the seeds of distrust of the economic system in his tender mind. But—well, he's leader of Canada's Social Credit forces now. At 45 he's the youngest leader of any national Party in Dominion politics.

As far as Ottawa is concerned he took several long strides along the rocky road of political leadership when he appeared in the railway committee room of the House of Commons one hot day in July, 1940.

He was then appearing before the banking and commerce committee of the House as provincial treasurer of Alberta.

Personable, clean-cut, young in that company, he was making a plea for what most of the committee members considered to be economic heresy. He was asking for a charter to establish a provincial government controlled bank in Alberta.

"There should be an institution in the Province of Alberta," he said, "sponsored by the people of the province in a co-operative way, which will endeavor to increase the industrial possibilities of the province, which will make it possible to stabilize prices of certain commodities whose main market is in the Province of Alberta, and which will eventually prove to the whole of the Dominion of Canada, if not to the world, that the control of credits should be vested in the government of the country and not in private institutions."

He did not get the bank charter. But Solon Low stayed with the committee for eight days, arguing and answering questions with a skill that impressed the veterans.

The banking committee includes a wide assortment of the best brains among the people's representatives. By a natural process the smartest, toughest minded and shrewdest cross-examiners of Parliament are drawn to this committee before which the main battles of financial and economic progress are being fought in these times. To impress the banking committee a witness must have a quick wit, a ready tongue—and must know what he's talking about. Else the committee soon squeezes him dry of facts and arguments and passes on to someone else.

Solon Low lost his case, but like an able legal counsel he grew in stature both in the eyes of those who opposed him and in the eyes of his party colleagues in Ottawa.

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WHAT DOES *Social Credit* STAND FOR?

By SOLON LOW

As Quizzed by BLAIR FRASER

THIS is the fifth quiz of national political leaders to appear in Maclean's. The CCF policy was outlined by M. J. Coldwell, M.P., in the Sept. 1, 1943, issue; the Bloc Populaire's by Maxime Raymond, M.P., in the Jan. 1, 1944, issue; that of the Progressive Conservatives by John Bracken in the May 1, 1944, issue; and that of the Liberal Party by Prime Minister Mackenzie King in the issue of Feb. 1, 1945.

BEFORE answering your questions on definite aspects of Social Credit I should begin by outlining, very briefly, some salient points upon which there appears to be widespread misunderstanding.

In the first place Social Credit is not simply a scheme of monetary reform. It is essentially a policy of a philosophy of life—and specifically the Christian and democratic philosophy. The basis of this is that the ultimate goal of man is something toward which the most rapid progress can be made if the individual has freedom for the expression and expansion of his personality. Therefore, in the organization of human society all functional activities should be subordinated to the freedom and welfare of the human individual.

Freedom within the natural restrictions of society can be defined as the right of a person to choose whether he will do or refrain from doing any one thing at a time, provided that he does not interfere with the same right of every other person.

Democracy in its true meaning alone provides such a social system. Despite the confusion which exists regarding this much abused word "democracy," it is a very definite system of organization which provides for "the government and management of a people's affairs in accordance with their will." In other words a properly functioning democracy gives the people the results they want.

As any industrialist or engineer will testify, organization is a science, in regard to which certain fundamental principles must be observed. This applies to the organization of democracy. Because a democracy must give the people the results they want, the people must be the supreme authority for deciding the results they get from their various social activities. This authority is nonexistent unless they can obtain obedience to their collective will. Any authority conferred upon an individual for purposes of administration must, therefore, be delegated to him by the people and must be subject to withdrawal by them at will. Moreover, such a person must be responsible to the people for the results of his administration. This applies in both the political and economic fields.

The objective of Social Credit is the greatest possible measure of personal freedom, and all this implies in terms of maximum personal economic security, for every individual within a properly functioning democracy. And because the philosophy and principles of such a democracy are inherent in Christianity the policy of Social Credit can be stated correctly as being directed toward the establishment of a Christian social order.

Christian democracy is something that mankind has never tried—but the sheer pressure of events is driving us toward that goal. The opposite social system from democracy is dictatorship, in which all power is centralized in a ruling or dominating group. The philosophy of this form of society is that men live by bread alone, that all human effort must be directed toward supplying the material needs of men, that some superior person or organization vested with power and clothed with the prestige of institutions, such as the state, the party, etc., constitutes the only deity men require. It is essentially pagan and anti-Christian and will inevitably lead to chaos and disaster.

The conflict in the world today is between these two opposing ways of life. The Social Credit movement is endeavoring to clarify this issue in the growing confusion of world events, and is putting forward the principles which must be observed and certain definite proposals based on these if an orderly transition is to be made from the present rapid advance toward the totalitarian state to a properly functioning democracy.

Social Credit is not a political party doctrine any more than democracy or Christianity are political party doctrines. The only reason that the Social Credit movement has entered the federal political field is because, despite their professions of being democratic, the various political groups show no evidence of adopting the reforms essential to establishing a properly functioning democracy.

(1) Question—As I understand it the Social Credit proposals would balance the nation's buying power with the total prices of goods available by creating new money enough to buy any surplus goods. How would this new money be issued? How distributed? Who would decide who was to get how much?

Answer—That is correct. Under peacetime conditions the present monetary system fails to distribute sufficient purchasing power to enable the people to buy the goods produced or exchanged for imports. This results in an unsaleable surplus accumulating which can be got rid of only by the creation of debt, or export markets. Because of the restriction of the home market, production is curtailed, savage competition develops, unemployment increases, nations compete with nations in "blasting their way" into each other's markets, thus sowing the seeds for war, and generally there develop the conditions of poverty amidst plenty, conditions so apparent in the pre-war years.

The Social Credit proposal for dealing with this defect in the monetary system is simple. A national monetary authority, responsible to the people through Parliament, would ascertain the amount of the deficiency of purchasing power and authorize the creation of the new money to make good the deficiency. This new money would be issued to the people as purchasing power in a manner which would secure the desired objectives in a democracy, namely the greatest possible measure of freedom of the individual and the economic security and independence for him which this entails. At the same time it will be necessary to ensure that no inflationary rise in prices takes place because of the increased demand for goods.

In order to meet this requirement the additional purchasing power could be distributed as follows:

1 Partly as a national dividend payable to every citizen as a right to supplement earned incomes and sufficient in amount to assure basic economic security. This would give every person economic independence and *real* freedom. (No man is free if he is forced to accept the wages and working conditions imposed upon him by another or, as an alternative, face destitution for himself and his dependents.) Because people are not conditioned to freedom during the initial period it would probably be necessary to make the dividend conditional upon a man being willing to accept employment under suitable conditions if his services were required for work he was qualified to do.

2 Partly in the form of a drastic reduction of taxation and its progressive reduction thereafter. Taxation is an attack by the state on the freedom of the citizen—a fact which we seem to have forgotten under the tyrannous tax system that has been imposed on us.

3 The balance would be paid out in the form of a subsidy to retail merchants on condition that they sold their goods to the public at a discount and, during the initial stage, operated at an agreed rate of profit on their turnover.

The amount of the dividend and price discount would of course depend upon the volume of national production. Thus the deciding factors would be actual economic conditions. The relative rates which would be distributed as dividends, price discounts and tax reductions would be decided by Parliament.

(2) Question—Is it true Social Credit promises a $25-a-month "social dividend" to everybody?

Answer—Social Credit does not make promises. It is the extent and richness of our resources, the technical and scientific advances made by our skilled engineers and technicians and the consequent productive capacity of Canada as a whole that make the promises. But the adoption of the Social Credit financial proposals would involve the distribution of national or social dividends. This is *the* key to economic democracy. However, the amount which each individual would receive would depend upon the national production and the extent to which power-driven machinery was replacing manpower in the economic field. Canada's present productive capacity in relation to population and power production development is sufficient to ensure at least $25 a month and probably more.

(3) Question—If your Government sets up an authority to decide how much new money is to be created at any given time how would you make this authority responsible to a democratically elected Parliament?

Answer—Let me state again that any government can introduce the Social Credit reforms for establishing a properly functioning democracy. "The national monetary authority which would be responsible for the operation of the financial system could be the executive board of the Bank of Canada, the personnel of which would be appointed by the Federal Government. This board would be responsible to Parliament through the Minister of Finance. Parliament, in turn, would be responsible to the people and would lay down general policy in accordance with the 'will of the people.'" If the board failed to provide the desired results, the people would bring pressure on their M.P.'s and these in turn would insist on the Government changing the personnel of the board. However, effective control can be exercised by the people only if they control their parliamentary representatives every day of the year and not merely one day every four or five years.

(4) Question—What changes, if any, would you make in our present party system of parliamentary democracy? Would you still have elections every five years?

Answer—If we are to have effective political democracy then Parliament must be brought under the responsible and continuous control of the electorate. The electorate must be able to state the results wanted in definite and coherent terms, and must be able to insist on obedience to their collective wishes. For this purpose the people must be organized to fulfill their electoral responsibilities and exercise their constitutional authority—for it is an elementary principle that a number of persons can carry out an undertaking only if they are organized for the purpose. An unorganized body of people is a mob—and a mob is incapable of expressing a coherent policy or acting in unison.

The exact form of this organization will depend upon what the people—the supreme authority—want. One type of democratic electoral system being suggested by a body of war veterans provides for a non-party organization of all electors into units of 100. Each 100 is subdivided into groups of 10 which can meet in each other's homes. These groups of 10 would each operate under a chairman who would hold office at the pleasure of group members. The group members would decide all questions of policy. The chairmen of the groups of 10 would form the hundred council under a chairman holding office at its pleasure. The chairmen of the hundreds in a district would again be grouped as district councils and the chairmen of district councils in a constituency would form the constituency council. A member of Parliament would be responsible to his constituents through this constituency council, the personnel of which would be under the continuous control of the general membership in the groups.

Such an electoral organization would be completely effective for a united and organized electorate with effective control being exercised by its general membership would be irresistible in exercising its authority with responsibility. No representative would dare to disobey his constituents, for thus organized the latter could remove him at will. If such an electoral organization was favored by the people, then to make it completely effective, members of Parliament should be paid by those whom they represent through the constituency electoral organization and would hold office so long as they gave satisfaction to their constituents. It would mean the end of party politics—and possibly of general elections. The people would control Parliament all the time.

That is our method of organizing an effective political democracy. It could be done in other ways.

If Social Credit were to win in Canada would we have private enterprise or state control?—collective bargaining?—social insurance?—higher or lower tariffs?—membership in a new league of nations?—closer ties to the Empire?—Solon Low, national leader of the movement, gives the answers in response to 33 questions on his policies

(5) Question—Exactly what changes do you plan to make in our present banking system? Should the ordinary commercial banks be publicly or privately owned?

Answer—The changes in the banking system which would be involved by the adoption of Social Credit reforms are relatively simple. The issuing authority for all money, both currency and credit, would be the national monetary authority. The banks would be required to hold cash or its equivalent in national credit certificates against their total deposits, so that they could always meet their deposit liabilities in full. They would be authorized to grant production loans, in accordance with ordinary and well-established banking practice to finance all production for which there is a demand. In lieu of interest it would be desirable to substitute an equitable system of service charges. In short, the banks would continue to fulfill their present functions, except that they would have no power to issue money except as agents for the national monetary authority, nor would they have any control of economic policy. They would be elevated to the status of the nation's servants—and would enjoy increased prestige and greatly expanded business opportunities but without any vestige of power over the national economy.

It is most desirable that the commercial banks should be in healthy competition to give the best service possible to customers, and this could not be achieved under so-called "public ownership." However, if the banks refused to operate under the new conditions, naturally Parliament would have no option but to nationalize banking.

(6) Question—What would be your policy toward Canada's gold mining industry?

Answer—Under a Social Credit economy the policy in regard to gold mining would be the same as in regard to the mining of coal, iron or anything else. Gold is simply a metal—a commodity—and so long as there was a market for it the financial facilities would be available for mining it.

(7) Question—Would you give any protection to Canadian manufacturing industries? By tariff? By subsidy? If the latter how would you fix the amount of the subsidy paid by each company or factory?

Answer—Yes this would be necessary for purposes of stimulating an intensive development of the national economy to meet the expanding demand for goods and services, and at the same time, to maintain foreign trade on the basis of a mutually agreeable exchange of goods and services with other countries. The policy would be to encourage imports of goods wanted by Canadians which either cannot be produced at all in Canada or which cannot be produced in sufficient quantities in this country, and to discourage imports of goods that can be produced in

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SEE
UTOPIA
SAIL ITS UNCHARTED WATERS · HUNT IN ITS UNMAPPED WAYS
SEE
OLD ENGLAND
ITS TIME-HONOURED TRADITIONS · ITS VENERABLE INSTITUTIONS
TRAINS
TRAINS
A PROBLEM IN POSTWAR TRAVEL

Cartoon by [illegible]

Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER —

Will Britain Swing Left?

A. Beverley Baxter, M.P.

WITHIN the next few months, perhaps in September or October, Britain will hold the most unpredictable and in some ways the most fateful, general election for a hundred years. The result may not only determine the course of Britain's destiny but will affect the Empire and have profound repercussions on nations and continents outside the Commonwealth and across many seas.

Prime Minister Churchill has made it plain that as soon as organized resistance has ceased in Germany he will dissolve the coalition government. That will not be an arbitrary act on his part. On the contrary it will be a divorce of convenience in which the *ménage à four* consisting of the Socialists, the Sinclairite Liberals and the Conservatives, will gladly end the fusion they entered in 1940.

But since it is a coalition government Mr. Churchill cannot ask the King for a dissolution as that would mean that the existing Government desired to present itself to the electorate. First the coalition must be declared dead and full rights restored to all the contracting parties. In the interim the Conservatives will have to form a brief government of their own which will mean the appointment of various Tory backbenchers to replace Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Gwilym Lloyd George and all the rest of the senior and junior ministers drawn from the Liberals and Socialists.

Within a fortnight or a month from the formation of the stopgap Tory Government Mr. Churchill will go to the King and ask for the long overdue dissolution of the Parliament which was elected far back in 1935 when Mussolini was rolling up the Abyssinians and Hitler, with two years of Führership behind him, was beginning his famous European Saturday matinees.

The King will grant the dissolution and the battle of the hustings will begin, although the vote will not be taken for six weeks because of the new register. In fact the period of the election will be of such duration that the Government will have to carry on by special decree until the votes are counted.

If you asked the chiefs of the various Party organizations at the moment how they estimate their chances they would assume a confidence they do not necessarily feel and make some such statements as these:

The Tories: "We will lose a number of seats because our present representation in Parliament is disproportionately large. We are certain, however, to have a majority over all others."

The Socialists: "The Tories have been in power virtually for the last 23 years. The pendulum will swing farther than it has ever done. Britain is going Left and for the first time the Socialist Party will assume power and not merely office as in 1923 and 1929. The Conservative Party has entered a twilight from which it will never emerge."

The Sinclairite Liberals (18 strong): "Our trump card is Sir William Beveridge plus the distrust of the people toward Socialism and the weariness felt toward the Tories. We shall win 100 seats and will hold the balance of power."

The National Liberals (28 strong): "Like Mrs. Micawber, we shall never desert our Tory lord and master. We shall come back at least 25 strong and will give our support to Churchill and the Conservatives."

The Communists: "Our numbers do not count. We only desire one thing—the defeat of the Tories and the establishment of Socialism. Our time will come when the flabby Labor leadership collapses and hands over the reins to the strong men of the Left, in other words to us."

The Commonwealth Party (Sir Richard Acland speaking): "My Party consists of one other M.P. and myself, therefore we shall merely join in the hunt against the Tories. But we shall win the election after the next."

In fact it would be like the eve of the Derby when trainers, jockeys and owners express complete assurance while only the horses are coughing and wondering how they are going to get that mile and a half.

The mere fact that I shall fight as a Tory does not blind me to the impossibility of maintaining the parliamentary system if one Party is going to be returned to power every time. The old days of the seesaw between the Liberals and Tories are gone, they ended when Lloyd George split the Liberals after the last war and left that great Party bleeding from wounds that never healed.

What of Labor's Leaders?

NOR CAN the Socialists retain their morale or their virility if consigned to another five years of opposition. With the exception of two brief spells of "authority in charge," in 1923 and 1929, they have sat on the opposition benches, [illegible] or voted in the lobbies, forced into the role of critics and never given a chance to put their theories into practice. It is said of British Socialism that its womb no longer produces leaders; that when MacDonald, Webb, Henderson, Snowden and Thomas ended their story the period of sterility set in.

It is true that Herbert Morrison is clever, courageous and adroit but it is not forgotten that he was a conscientious objector in the last war and that as head of the L.C.C. he refused during the Hitler threat to allow the playgrounds of the L.C.C. schools to be used for drill by the Territorials. Against this is the undoubted fact that he has been a fervent patriot in this war and has served the nation tirelessly and unselfishly. As he lost one eye as a baby and therefore could have avoided military service in the last war, I have never believed that he was a conscientious objector in the ordinary sense. But when election passions are roused and the victorious armies are on their way home the charge against him may ring with an ugly note.

Sir Stafford Cripps will move up in the Socialist hierarchy and with his debating skill may prove a powerful factor. Was he not Ambassador to Russia when that country entered the war (even if he had nothing to do with that fortunate event), and has he not proved a first-class Minister of Aircraft Production?

Ernest Bevin will not count for as much as he would have done had he remained the head of the Trade Union Movement and been thereby almost an unofficial alternative Prime Minister. Patriotically and unselfishly he took on himself the ministerial task of disrupting home life, of directing man and woman power, or wielding the hammer of fate over the young, the middle-aged and even the old. It is one of the many unpredictable factors of the election whether the people will show him resentment or gratitude.

There is also the difficulty of temperament. He and Morrison are sworn enemies. Thus the leadership of the Socialists will be divided among Clement Attlee, a fine man but lacking in magnetism, Arthur Greenwood, first rate but the fires damped down, Sir Stafford Cripps of the super brain but the uncontrollable tongue, Herbert Morrison with the spectre of the last war following him, and Ernest Bevin, the workers' friend who became their master.

Looking at our opponents in their camp we, the Tories, might console ourselves with the thought that no army can win unless it has the generals. What have they to offer against our mighty field marshal Winston Churchill, with the laurels of victory on his brow and

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"The tide just now is running heavily against the Tories," says this appraisal by a Conservative M.P.

A Good Place To Come Home To

Servicemen from Powell River, B.C. paper town, don't worry about postwar jobs—Here's a company community which plans futures and counts good citizenship a business asset

By JACK PATERSON

UP ALONG the rim of Germany Canuck riflemen held for weather were shooting the breeze. When would the war end? As [illegible] who of them would be going where to do what? One asked, "How about yer, skipper?"

The pilot grinned, his eyes suddenly dreamy. "I guess I've kind of got the edge on yer birds," he said. "I come from Powell River."

There were appropriate razzes. "A jerkwater British Columbian papermaking town. So what?"

"So I'm being looked after. We all are. 700 of us. We get letters about it."

"Letters are cheap," someone grunted. "They sell their own paper."

"Okay, okay," the pilot said amiably. "I knew you wouldn't understand. You just aren't from Powell River."

Citizens like the skipper, dotted throughout the world, and the home folks at Powell River are equally proud of their town's record this war, last war, and in the handling of veterans between wars. Each month hundreds of letters roll home saying so, just as each month 1,000 letters go from the Powell River Company to all the district's sons and daughters in the services. The plant magazine, the home town weekly paper, and 300 cigarettes a month go to each of the 700 absent employees. In addition local Red Cross, veterans' clubs, service clubs, and women's societies are active in their usual roles as elsewhere in Canada.

Then the special letter went out, the one the skipper was so proud of. It was the result of much planning and based in large part on the town's wide experience with returned soldiers since the last war. In it the paper people told what they were doing to have a suitable job, with security and prospects for advancement, ready for each returning warrior.

Fighting men found it a heart-warming letter to get. And it was more than a good will gesture. Many of them had reason to know that. They remembered how it had been with their dads at Powell River since the last war.

In looking after its people at war and planning for their welfare *after* the war, Powell River not only seems to know how but admits frankly why. In the past 25 years a policy giving last war veterans a break has paid off handsomely for the Powell River Company, for the community it supports, and for the vets themselves, physically, financially and socially. The town is out to see that history has a chance to repeat itself.

The Powell River area, including three small outlying suburbs, is a modern community of 7,000 people, ranging in tiers to overlook the Strait of Georgia, 80 miles upcoast by boat from Vancouver. The place was not established in 1912 for hunting, fishing and as a summer resort, but it could have been. Instead it is a compact, busy paper town that gets power from its own dams.

"Big Little Town"

IT'S A community that fighting men like the skipper have earlier helped put on the map. Known as "the big little town that cops the cups," its hot shots in golf, lawn bowling, basketball, baseball, swimming, boxing, wrestling—and especially track—have kept the town's name well up front, not only on the west coast but in Dominion athletic circles. The arts, the theatre and education haven't been neglected. "Expert instruction, for the right people," has been the town's policy.

A big percentage of the right people have been war veterans and sons and daughters of veterans. At times during the 25 years following World War I the paper town's payroll of 1,400 carried from a third to a half returned soldiers. Today, after 25 years of aging and retirements, more than 250 employees are World War I servicemen, including scores who have risen to be key executives and plant men.

The returned men of the last war have produced a fine breed. In World War II practically every veteran's son of fighting age in the district has volunteered for active service. Local casualties have been heavy. Until recently, of 400 men in actual combat areas 46 were killed or missing, 60 wounded, and seven prisoners of war. Already 80 have been discharged from the services. Those who have returned to Powell River, together with 50 additional veterans of this war, have been taken into the paper plant.

When in September 1939 the boys downed tools and reached for weapons, Powell River officials at once guaranteed all those going to war their jobs and seniority upon return. As time and enlistments grew, they realize it will be no simple thing to reinstate n

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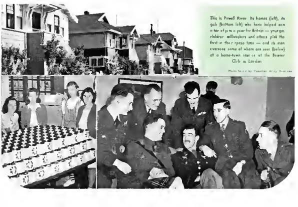
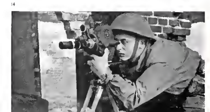


This is Powell River. Its homes (left), its girls (bottom left) who have helped contribute a ton of jam a year for Britain — younger children, millworkers and others pick the fruit in their spare time — and its men overseas, some of whom are seen (below) at a home-town reunion at the Beaver Club in London.

Photo below by Canadian Army Overseas



Canadian Army Photo

Street fighting was still going on in a town in Holland when Sgt. G. D. Petty of the Canadian Army Film Unit set up his camera in a ruined building to record it.

Camera Commandos

By L. S. B. SHAPIRO

Maclean's War Correspondent

Canadian Army cameramen can shoot with both lens and gun . . . They've scored successes with each medium

WESTERN FRONT (By Cable) — When Colonel Ernest Dupuy, U. S. Army, opened the control switch of a microphone in London on the morning of June 6, 1944, and spoke the words "This is D Day," he broke the biggest news story of the war. The Second Front—long dreamed, doubted and decried—was at last a reality.

Dupuy scooped the world by official consent. While he was uttering the fateful words, Canadian Army cameramen were scooping the world by their own resourcefulness and courage. On Thursday morning, June 8, newspapers in Britain and America printed the first still pictures of the Normandy beach assault. A few hours later movie theatres, from Edinburgh to Cornwall and from Flin Flon to Florida, showed the first motion pictures of the great battle. These still and motion pictures were the Canadian Army's gift to an impatient world; they were 12 to 36 hours ahead of battle pictures from any other source, military or commercial.

Scoops on D Day required the ardent co-operation of Lady Luck, of course. No exact arrangements were possible for the dispatch of film and stories to England; newspapermen and photographers simply piled their material into a press bag, rushed down to the beach and handed it to the skipper of any landing craft pulling out for the cross-Channel trip. Some press bags fell into the proper hands on arrival in England; others were misplaced for days in the frantic ports of Southern England; a few were lost by enemy action.

But there was one way of giving Lady Luck a nudge and a flying start, and that was to get the material early and get it away as quickly as possible. Canadian Army cameramen nudged Lady Luck to the extreme limit of that beautiful girl's capacity to take punishment.

H hour struck at 7.30 a.m. Twelve minutes later Sgt. Bud Roos, Toronto, moved inshore with "Don" company of the Regina Rifles. As it was making for the beach at top speed the assault landing craft struck a mine. Roos was hurled into the sea. He bobbed up with his movie camera still firm under his right arm and he splashed ashore amidst a hail of German fire power. Roos didn't know whether his film had been ruined by water but he realized it would serve no purpose to examine the rolls. He dug a slit trench and began shooting film.

Lieut. Don Grant, Windsor, a still photographer, came in with the Winnipeg Rifles three minutes after Roos and had an even more exciting landing. As his assault craft, ramp down, raced inshore it hit a sand bar and Grant toppled into the water. This turned out to be lucky for Grant because the moment he hit water machine gun fire raked the craft and most of the men behind him were mowed down. Grant got ashore, discarded his ruined camera and began shooting pictures with a candid camera he had wrapped in oil silk inside his battle dress blouse.

At 8.20 a.m., while the battle on the beach was still in its earliest stage, Capt. Frank Dubervill, Ottawa, and Sergt. Bill Grant, Vancouver, managed to come ashore dry by riding on top of a self-propelled gun. Dubervill had a still camera and Grant a cine outfit. They scrambled behind dunes, made their pictures and kept a watchful eye for any beached craft that might be pulling out for England.

Three more photographers came ashore on D Day: Capt. Colin McDougall, Ottawa; Capt. Ken Bell, Toronto, and Sgt. Alan Grayston, Montreal. They took pictures and raced their negatives to the skippers of small craft making ready to depart the British beach.

Beat World by 12 Hours

ALL THESE MEN, landing with different units at distant points along the beach and sending back their film by a variety of ships, played their part in implementing Lady Luck. It turned out that the pictures shot by Sgt. Roos were useless because his film was drenched. But those shot by Capt. Dubervill and Sgt. Grant proved the outstanding pictures of the invasion and scored a clean 12-hour beat on the world. This was a sensational piece of Canadian publicity. The majority of English-speaking newspapers and every newsreel advertised the Canadian contribution to the D Day achievement.

This scoop launched No. 2 Canadian Film and Photo Unit on the most exacting assignment ever given to noncombatant personnel on active service—the picture record of the western European campaign. Thereafter CFPU men were in the thick of every battle, often moving with the most forward units and on a few occasions positioning themselves at a vantage

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Cross Country

- **Auto Black Market Hits Sask.**
- **Forest Pest Worries Ontario**
- **Peg's First Post Office Saved**
- **Montreal Cops To Stew Again**

The Maritimes

BALANCING budgets by liquor profits has been the rule in Nova Scotia since war brought a population boom, but the eight-man Liberal Cabinet isn't any too happy about it. One reason is that dry sentiment is strong in that beer-parlorless province and political opponents use soaring liquor revenues as ammunition to attack the administration. Another reason is that half the Cabinet are teetotalers.

This year the Cabinet felt less comfortable than ever when nondrinking, 73-year-old Premier A. S. MacMillan, who is also Nova Scotia's provincial treasurer, disclosed that liquor profits had skyrocketed from $1,693,000 in 1939 to $6,548,000 in 1944. Placed in pint bottles laid end to end the 4,865,519 gallons sold in the province's 45 liquor stores during the year would stretch from Halifax to Victoria, and back along the homestretch for a distance of some 5,000 miles.

Premier MacMillan was probably more embarrassed over this setup than his colleagues because, apart from his personal convictions, he represents the constituency of Hants—one of Nova Scotia's two dry counties.

But with one eye cocked on the war news the Premier predicted that less liquor would be sold to ships' stores and guessed that the province would lose from $3 to $4 millions in revenue from that source at war's end. Where to make up this revenue was the problem. Said Premier MacMillan: "We cannot take a step backward so far as our services are concerned, and we will have to find the money to make up the difference through some other form of taxation."

* * *

Surest way to rile the farmers in Nova Scotia's famed Annapolis Valley is to tell them that their apples are inferior to those grown in British Columbia's Okanagan Valley. More than one

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NFB Photo

Canadians on Canal . . . 800 are out June 30.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

"Quebec Party" Having Difficult Birth

Did Cardin turn down a Duplessis-Dorion offer of leadership of an anti-King bloc?—Montreal's flamboyant Mayor Houde plays the Sphinx

LIBERALS are keeping their fingers crossed for fear it isn't true, but the gossip from down river says that the "independent" movement in Quebec federal politics, fathered last year by Messrs. Duplessis and Frederic Dorion, M.P. for Charlevoix-Saguenay, has had a setback. Some people are even predicting that Duplessis won't support Dorion's men any more, or at any rate that his support will be perfunctory and half hearted.

Cause of the rift between Premier Duplessis and his federal aide, according to these sources, may be found in the failure of attempts to get Hon. P. J. A. Cardin, one-time King Minister who bolted the Cabinet over Bill 80, to head the "independents" and thus unify all, or most, of the Quebec dissidents. In spite of repeated overtures, Mr. Cardin has not accepted this nomination and the recent word is that he has finally turned it down.

According to the gossip, Premier Duplessis blames this on his lieutenant Dorion. He suspects Mr. Dorion of having been dilatory in wooing Mr. Cardin, even of hoping Mr. Cardin would refuse so that he, Dorion, might be federal leader of the new "Quebec party." If this be true, Mr. Dorion seems to have got his wish—but at great cost to the potential strength of his faction.

Old line Conservatives in Quebec, some of whom work for Duplessis provincially, had been counting on 40 "independent" seats in the federal election. But they admit that if Mr. Cardin stays out, they'll be doing well to win half that many.

* * *

ANOTHER man who was offered and who refused the leadership of an "independent" Quebec group was Camillien Houde, the man who stepped out of an internment camp and into the mayoralty of Montreal last year. Mr. Houde would have been willing to head a coalition of all anti-King factions but when he discovered they wouldn't coalesce he dropped the whole idea like a hot potato.

Right now Mr. Houde, drawing $10,000 a year but wielding virtually no power as Mayor of Montreal, is playing his old role of political conundrum—a role he plays very well. He admits to all and sundry that he has ambitions; he never made any secret of that. He doesn't want to stay a mere mayor any longer than he has to, for the time is long past when a mahogany desk, a gold telephone and a sumptuous chair of office could assuage his desire for real political power.

Houde plans to go places. But when, or where, or how nobody seems to know. His friends say Mr. Houde doesn't know himself; always an opportunist and a very nimble tactician in politics, he won't make any decision until the right moment arrives, and then he'll act fast, they say.

People in Montreal expect that Houde will be heading for Ottawa under some banner or other when election time comes. But there are a few who point out that however inconsistent Camillien's record may be in other respects, there's one thing about it that has seldom varied—Camillien has rarely failed to do the unexpected.

* * *

THERE'S an amusing background to the recent co-ordination of RCAF discharges and Army call-ups. It seems that Army paymasters were the inadvertent authors of this eminently sensible and desirable arrangement. They didn't know it, but they were.

As certain Members of Parliament understand it, the matter developed thus:

At the beginning, when the Air Force wound up its training program and ordered discharge for the 4,000-odd men who hadn't begun their courses, each man as he left the RCAF received the usual $100 to buy his civilian clothes. Most of them bought the clothes, went home, then in a few weeks got their call to join the Army.

Just being called up was irritating enough—to be conscripted for the service they didn't want after having previously volunteered for the service they did want. But then the Army paymasters, with typical treasury board logic, proceeded to dock the $100 clothing allowance from the ex-airmen's Army pay.

When M.P.'s heard about this, and they very soon did, they were horrified. They told the Government, which (they report) was equally horrified, and set about mending matters at once. When the Ministers came to study the matter they perceived that the sensible thing would be not to let the airman keep his $100—and get another gratuity for the same purpose on leaving the Army—but rather to eliminate the gap between the two services.

As each RCAF man is discharged let the Army say once and for all whether it wants him. If the answer is yes, he goes directly into khaki and doesn't need civvies. If the answer is no, he goes back to civilian life with no threat of a call-up hanging over his head.

* * *

IT'S A good omen for San Francisco, where the whole vast field of international relations will be discussed, that the outlook for greater freedom of international trade is brighter now than it has been for some time. When Prime Minister King and President Roosevelt issued their statement (just before Parliament opened) about their plans to promote freer trade, we were told at Ottawa that this wasn't mere routine. The statement meant what it said, we were told—and more.

This was a welcome change. By last summer early optimism about the chances for a multilateral trading system after the war had sunk to a deep low. Everyone knew that the vital decision lay with Washington, and Washington officials, though they personally were in favor of wide open trading, were glum about their chances of getting it accepted by the Administration and by Congress. Their gloom scared the British, who hadn't too much faith in American good intentions anyway, and strengthened the hand of those in London who favored a "sterling bloc" and bilateral deals with outsiders. Extremists of this group, who include some members of the British Cabinet, would reduce British trade almost to the level of barter.

But lately, according to people in Ottawa who should know, this international log jam has been breaking up. Prospects at Washington seem to be much better, perhaps because the internationalists have moved to the fore in the Republican Party, perhaps because the new State Department "team" has brought new drive and new persuasiveness to its task, perhaps for other reasons altogether. Anyway the outlook has improved, and that has stiffened the backs of those who still believe that Britain must stand or fall by her classic doctrines of free flowing trade between nations. This may be impossible as a short term British policy, but there are many who favor it for the long pull.

Canada, of course, regards this new development as a lifesaver. We, with our deficit in dollars which can only be met by our surplus in sterling, would have been ground to bits between the millstones of pound and dollar if the trend toward bilateralism had gone on to the bitter end. But now, if the general subject of trade should come up at San Francisco, we can all go into the discussion with better heart.

* * *

IT'S GETTING to be ancient history now, but the planning of the present session was one of the best examples of the Prime Minister's political ingenuity. Here was a session at which, by all the rules of custom and all the dictates of desire, the Opposition should have been able to get right down to the business of roasting the Government over a slow fire. They were all ready to do it, too—the faggots and the forks were all in hand.

What happened? First, postponement of debate on the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. After all it was reasonable that in a session that couldn't last more than four weeks they should not devote the first week or two to a debate about everything and nothing. There was precedent for it, too—with an air of complete innocence Mr. King produced the example of the Bennett Government in 1930.

Still, the Opposition could throw all its tomahawks at the motions for supply. But instead of going into supply at once, Mr. King produced his resolution of support to the San Francisco delegation.

Net result was that for the first days of Parliament, when public interest in Parliament Hill was at its height, Hansard was full of impeccably dull speeches about peace. Long before the tomatoes began to fly, House news had become slightly old hat.

* * *

CCF LEADERS plan to take the offensive from now on in their fight with Communist infiltration within the Party. Their recent fuss with Berry Richards and Dwight Johnson, both of whom were purged after publicly rebuking their own Party for not following the current Communist line, came as no surprise in the CCF in Manitoba. According to the CCF they had had both these gentlemen ticketed for some time although to their great regret they didn't do anything about it.

CCF men relate that Johnson had quit the Party twice before, both times on the issue of collaboration with the Communists. In September, 1943, he joined the CCF for the third time. A week or two later the sitting M.P.P. for Brandon died and Johnson went after the nomination. Headquarters in Winnipeg was dubious, knowing his record, but the local people insisted that he was the man to win the seat and Winnipeg gave in.

In the case of Richards, the CCF didn't know at the time of his nomination about his admiration for Labor Progressive policy, but they soon learned. CCF leaders here say that in January, 1944, after he had been elected, he supported a resolution at the CCF convention endorsing the Labor Progressive doctrine then current. By July he was attempting to introduce another resolution supporting the Communist line which meanwhile had diametrically altered.

CCF leaders are now kicking themselves for letting the rebels have the initiative. They know one or two more people nominally CCF who may be expected to act like Richards and Johnson, and they say they're going to those people and demand some kind of statement and commitment of loyalty from them.

HUH?
I SAID THAT GUY HOUDE'S THE MAN FOR ME — INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT & NO STRINGS!

—Cartoon by Grassick

Camillien has his own plans.

"Yes," said mother firmly. "I'm going and I'm taking the children. Father will take us in."

MOONSHINE IN THE VALLEY

By HECTOR CHEVIGNY

Dad's astrology brought him a good potato crop but it didn't foretell the fix he'd get into when he tried to sell it—in bottles

ONE SPRING dad got interested in the influence of the planets on planting times and sent five dollars to Vancouver for a book on astrology. It told him this year the season would be late. He got all excited because he'd seen what he'd figured were a lot of confirming signs: the geese were late flying north, snow was slow leaving the timber line in the mountains above our valley, and houseflies were dull and stupid. So he put in his seed potatoes a month later than the rest of the valley.

Mother worried about him not farming like everybody else and said maybe our place would really pay if he wouldn't get so absorbed in his ideas. But nothing stopped dad when he thought he was right. When mother was upset with dad she banged the stove with the pots and things, but she never showed how really mad she was until she started housecleaning. The day he came home from Firland with a telescope for watching stars he'd spent $15 on she kept newspapers on the spotless kitchen floor three days, and you dared walk only on those papers.

That astrology was all right: he got a wonderful crop. But when he got to the buyers down the valley with his first truckload of potatoes he was too late for anything but a miserable price; everybody else had a good crop too, and the market was glutted. He turned the truck right around, drove back and began dumping some of the potatoes into the pigpen for the shoats to root among. Mother wanted to know if it wasn't better to get a few cents a bag than nothing, but dad was mad clear through and said he wouldn't let those robbers have his potatoes at any price. Mother then asked what he figured we'd live on that winter, but he wouldn't answer, just kept throwing the crop away, and mother went back to the house to start cleaning the attic.

Dad wasn't a terribly proud man. At supper that night he said, "I'll have no more dealings with those potato buyers. Next year I'm putting in apple trees."

Mother banged the stove with the skillet. "Maybe you'd better," she said. "Apples don't know anything about Jupiter. But what will we live on between now and the year the trees start bearing?"

Dad didn't answer this and we finished the rest of the meal in silence.

As usual that September the air had considerable haze in it, mostly from slash burning in the mountains. It made things exciting when you went to school mornings. The dew sparkled with cold on the grass and as you teetered on the big pine log that we used as a footbridge across the creek you breathed in big lungfuls of the perfume of distant burning wood. The haze didn't usually clear away until sometime in October.

Suddenly dad seemed to get interested in this haze. He got to dropping his work to stare at it thoughtfully. Once he spent all afternoon tramping across the meadow, down to the little hollow beyond the maple clearing and even about a mile down the road to the highway below us, just to stare at it from all different angles.

Other times he rubbed his chin and looked at the pile of potatoes in the pigpen, at the even bigger pile beside the potato field and at the thousands of hills that had never even been dug. One morning when I came down to breakfast mother was banging pots moderately hard. Dad had left with the truck before anybody was up and without saying a word. Mother guessed, I'm sure, he'd been struck by some idea he didn't want to talk about and had gone to Firland either to see about it or buy something. He must have returned that night because there he was next morning at breakfast, and hurrying with it to escape mother's questioning. "Henry Slade!" she said, exasperated, "if you won't tell me what you're up to this time—!"

Dad gulped his coffee, grinned, kissed her quick, put on his hat, winked at me, ducked out and disappeared toward the hollow beyond the maple clearing, whistling. "Go watch him," mother said to me. I dawdled a while, pretending to do chores, then slipped down to the hollow and peered through the willow undergrowth.

The creek rushed past this clearing; it was the place where we played pirates or robbers' den. In the centre of it dad now seemed to be building a fireplace with boulders. There were several brand new kegs lying around, a big wooden tub, a metal thing that looked like a wash boiler, and a lot of thin copper tubing. He'd also toted several sacks of potatoes there and had made a pile of them.

I skinned out quick; dad got upset when anybody found out what he was doing before he was ready to talk. I had a notion mother wouldn't like this. Those kegs and things hadn't been on the place before; he must have taken that trip to buy them, and they probably cost money. But I wasn't prepared for the way she took it when I described what I'd seen.

Her face got white she was so mad. Grabbing broom and mop she started cleaning the house, not stopping until it was time to get noon dinner together. When dad came in to wash she spoke for the first time. "Well! So you decided to make whisky out of your potatoes!"

His grin faded and he glared around at me.

She rapped the table. "Answer me, Henry!"

Dad fairly squirmed. "Now be reasonable. All I aim to do is get my money out of the crop—"

"Have you thought of the danger you're exposing us to, let alone the—"

Dad brightened. "Stop worrying, will you? I've figured every angle. Notice the haze in the air in this country? Nobody'll notice a thing. And when I was in Firland I asked about selling it. Say, that town's wide open, and with all the loggers there they pay—"

"You're not even going to get me to argue this time," said mother, starting to take her apron off. "If we can't make this place pay without breaking the law, I'm finished."

"Yes?" asked dad, sort of drawling. He sat down deliberately. Generally he ducked out when mother showed signs of really getting going, but this time he faced it.

"Yes," said mother firmly. "I'm going and I'm taking the children. You know very well father will take me in. He has to—and under the circumstances you'll agree, he'll think he has to."

I SUDDENLY pinched Hazel to keep her from jumping up and down and whooping at the thought of going to grandfather's. Often we'd been promised we'd some day visit our grandfather, whom we'd never seen, but it never came about. Grandfather, it seemed, never liked dad and never thought he'd amount to anything, and dad swore none of us would ever visit him until we drove up in a brand-new car. So far the best we did was the truck, bought secondhand the one year dad figured the weather straight.

"Deserting me when my back's against the wall, eh?" asked dad quietly but sort of sarcastically.

Mother gasped. "I'm doing nothing of the sort—"

"And I trust you realize," dad went on, "that in going home under the circumstances—without a new dress even, or clothes for the kids—you admit to him he was right about me?"

Mother suddenly remembered Hazel and me and shooed us out while they argued, but already I knew we wouldn't go to grandfather's that year. Mother was terribly proud too about some things. She wouldn't take a trip to town unless she was what she called decently dressed. She never even wrote to her folks unless the news was good. Besides dad was an awfully convincing talker; he could generally talk her out of things even if he didn't make her feel better about them.

It turned out just that way. Pretty soon he came out of the house without saying anything to us, and we went in to finish a cold dinner while mother, white with anger, continued housecleaning. I've seen her do some pretty thorough jobs when she was mad but this was the finest so far. She scrubbed the kitchen floor, polished the stove, beat the rugs, washed the woodwork, took down and cleaned the stovepipes and was starting to clean the milkshed, opening off the kitchen, when it came time to get supper. Dad stayed down in the hollow all day, finishing his fireplace, putting the boiler on it and bending the copper tubing so it would coil through one of the little kegs.

He was right about the haze completely hiding the wisp of smoke that rose from what I learned was called the still. We children were forbidden to play near that hollow any more. I understood, I forget how, that what dad was doing was dangerous and mustn't be talked about. There wasn't much liquor in British Columbia then, and we often heard of people getting arrested for making it to sell. Dad never drank himself. That was one thing about dad. Though he bought a drink now and then it was because he liked to spend time hearing himself talk.

The effect on dad of having this gadget to pin his hopes on was curiously good. Though he had to make trips often to the hollow to tend the fire, fuss with the potato mash in the tubs and change kegs under the drip, on the whole he did twice as much regular work around the place. Absorbed in this new hobby he forgot about watching the weather and went ahead with putting new foundations under the barn where one end sagged, enlarging the root cellar, fixing the roof so it wouldn't leak in the house, and he even cut quite a swath in the long unfinished clearing.

Just the same mother got no friendlier to the idea. She didn't talk about it any more or even refer to the hollow. She was putting up with it, her silence made clear, only for the time being and because there wasn't much else that could be done.

One morning mother looked drawn and worried, and dad kept his own face low over his plate of salty pork. He had on his good boots and hat so we knew he was going into Firland. He got the truck ready, then brought a whole lot of full bottles from the hollow, put them in and hid them under bags of potatoes. It wasn't until after he'd cranked the engine that mother even came out on the porch. "Well," said dad, taking

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Illustrated by Dudley Clayton Summers

In the clearing dad now seemed to be building a fireplace with big boulders.

Children's Theatre

By DOREEN CORPS

Cinderella ... Will the glass slipper fit?

When Hollywood asks Toronto for stage advice that's something . . . but there's nothing on the continent that equals the Toronto Children Players

Above: Pantomime is important ... A scene from "Little Square Toes." Below: Toronto's Mrs. Goulding. She produces sure fire successes.

Truda & [illegible] Photo

ROW upon row of starry-eyed faces, small girls and boys perched on the edges of chairs tense with excitement, older boys and girls and a smattering of grownups sitting more at ease but with an air of pleasurable expectancy ... this is the audience. Backstage—small girls and boys and bigger girls and boys disguised as princesses and princes, ducklings and gnomes, fairy queens and bad-tempered kings ... these are the players. And for two and a half hours Toronto's Eaton Auditorium ceases to be the Eaton Auditorium. It is Fairyland.

Sixteen times a year, when the Toronto Children Players take over, this transformation takes place. And say the youngsters, audience and players alike, it should be 60. They can never get their fill; they want more and more. Having outgrown two homes—Hart House and the Margaret Eaton Theatre—they are now straining to capacity the facilities of the Eaton Auditorium.

A more well behaved audience and a more enthusiastic group of players would be impossible to imagine. From the moment the house lights dim, the proverbial pin could fall without being heard. There might be oh's and ah's when the curtain rolls back to disclose a woodland scene peopled by small red gnomes, but there is no chattering, no fidgeting. There are squeals of delight when the three duckling sisters, Dilly, Dally and Dolly, make their entrance, but there are no cries of terror at the appearance of Boom Boom, the big bad bear, for Boom Boom is wearing a straw hat and, after all, nobody could be frightened by a bear that wears a straw hat. Even when he devours Dilly and Dolly, despite the fact that the gnomes built little homes to house them safely, the audience feels that things will work out all right. And, of course, they do. Aided and abetted by the gnomes, Dally, the remaining duckling, feeds Boom Boom so much macaroni (and he's so very greedy!) that he overeats and swells and swells and swells until ... pouf! ... BANG ... he bursts and out tumble Dilly and Dolly.

And thus ends the first half of a typical program such as is presented four times a year—four performances of each show—by the Toronto Children Players. The play, "The Duckling Sisters," written by Paul Conover, a former player, now a student at Toronto University, was presented for the extreme age groups of under seven and over 20. The second half of the program caters to the tastes of the more "sophisticated" eights to twelves.

During intermission the audience has fun. A friendly master of ceremonies leads in community singing. There are no laggards—everyone sings, and heartily, "London Bridge is Falling Down," "Three Blind Mice," and to the tune of "Farmer in the Dell," "Did you clean your teeth today? Did you clean your teeth today? I ask you as a personal friend. Did you clean your teeth today?" It is surprising that some enterprising writer of radio advertising hasn't used this as a commercial. Just think of the possibilities!

After the songs the children stand and are told to s-t-r-e-t-c-h and s-t-r-e-t-c-h and indulge in a short session of calisthenics. Thoroughly refreshed with most of their surplus energy used up, they are now ready for the next play.

Backstage there is just as much fun. No chaos, no nervous tension. Scenery is shifted, props put into place, last-minute touches given to costumes and make-up, players receive their last call and take their places in the wings, ready for their cues. The little ducklings who scampered off stage as the curtain fell on their last act and rushed to their dressing room to change (like professionals the children never appear in costume once they have left the stage) are now stealing out to see the next play from the front. This is to be "The Dancing Slippers," the story of the five beautiful princesses who steal from their bed at night to go dancing with five handsome princes who live in an underground palace and are under the spell of silence. Marriage with the princesses breaks the spell and they all live happily ever after in approved storybook fashion.

The stage sets for this are quite lovely. A magnificent canopied bed with pale pink draperies in which are discovered five beautiful princesses fast asleep brings an audible gasp from the audience. And the underground palace with silver trees and furnishings and five handsome princes clad in purple who move gracefully to the accompaniment of music especially composed for them, brings a spontaneous burst of applause.

Perfect Fairy Tale

THIS play, written by Susan Goulding, daughter of Dorothy Goulding, the director of the Children Players, has everything that goes to make up a perfect fairy tale. A bad-tempered king, father of the princesses, played by a 12-year-old, complete with ermine robes and crown and whiskers, a ragged beggar woman who miraculously turns into a fairy queen, a faithful servant, a senior guard, a brave young soldier and, of course, the five beautiful princesses and five handsome princes.

It is only to be expected that any of Mrs. Goulding's daughters should be able to write a fairy play. Steeped in an atmosphere of plays and play acting almost from birth, this sort of thing is second nature to them. Dorothy Goulding herself, who has directed the Children Players for the past 12 years, became an ardent follower of the theatre when, at the age of six, she saw her first stage presentation, a Mother Goose extravaganza. Brought up in a strict Methodist family, where things of the theatre were taboo, this was the only show that she did see until, at the age of 13, she was taken to the play, "Anne of Green Gables." But Mother Goose had done the trick. From then on

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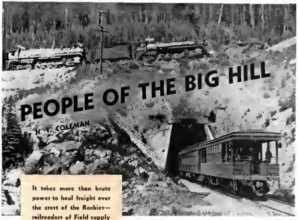

PEOPLE OF THE BIG HILL

By H. T. COLEMAN

It takes more than brute power to haul freight over the crest of the Rockies—railroaders of Field supply this important know-how

Canadian Pacific Railway Photos

This is the kind of thing that makes railroading on the Big Hill different. While the rear end of this train has yet to enter the tunnel, the engines have already corkscrewed through Mt. Ogden and emerged at a higher level.

YOU DON'T need to be a railroader to know that the Big Hill is that spectacular piece of railway track between Field and Banff in the Rockies, that it is 14 miles of winding main line steel which loops twice upon itself through spiral tunnels cut into two mountains which border the famous Kicking Horse Pass. Anybody west of Winnipeg has heard of the Big Hill.

Time was—before the tunnels—when the railway went even higher at this point, over grades which were all but unworkable, when it took four laboring locomotives to pant and pull and push 700 tons of freight up the Big Hill, when trap sidings were strategically placed to catch runaway trains, when wandering "boomer" railwaymen used to brag on roads far in the south and far in the east, of their spell on the Big Hill.

In those days the Big Hill became a legend wherever trains ran. And some of that legendary quality still attaches to it—and to the men who work on it. For even yet the Big Hill requires a special brand of railroading, special care in the use of sand and Johnson bar.

The home of the people of the Big Hill is Field, B.C., whose 350 souls live and breathe railroading. Even the school children could tell you how it takes three locomotives—one 5900, mightiest in the British Empire, and two 5800 pusher engines, only slightly smaller—to tug a freight train 14 and one-half miles to the east and 1,200 feet higher to Stephen, the highest point on the main line at 5,337 feet.

They could tell you how every one of those 14 miles is patrolled day and night, even during mountain blizzards, by men on the alert for bad rails and for rockslides from mountains which soar a mile into the sky above the steel. They could tell you, too, the latest story from the caboose and roundhouse of game from one of the four adjoining national parks, challenging the right of way to traffic on one of the busiest arteries of a war-busy system. They might even repeat to you the old-timers' tale of Field's tiny "stolen church," reputedly highjacked by early settlers from a flatcar while on its way to Donald, another mountain divisional point. But their main interest remains the Big Hill—and railroading on it.

To see a heavy freight pound out of Field and up the Hill is inspiring and awesome for those who witness it for the first time. Exhausts barking like great prehistoric animals, boilers literally singing under their terrific steam pressure, the locomotives simply surge with life and power.

Experienced pusher engineers rate their 280-ton steeds like skilful jockeys, gentling them into the turns, picking up speed in the easier spots and coaxing them onward with every little trick of throttle, sand and quadrant.

Old timers like Seth Partridge, veteran of 35 years on the Big Hill, nurse their charges with one hand on the reversing gear and the other on the sand valves, for they use sand every step of the way, particularly in the tunnels where water leaking down onto the track might give bad rail. It's "low gear" work on the Field Hill and the really sound engineer makes intelligent use of the quadrant, setting the Johnson bar down in what the hill boys call "The OCS corner" to give that short, choppy valve stroke which spells power.

To get some background on the Big Hill it is necessary to know of the CPR's original survey of the line over the Kicking Horse Pass, first drawn by James Hector whose name is commemorated in one of the hill stations. The engineers of 60 years ago were faced with a steep descent of the Yoho Valley and much slow and expensive tunnelling if they hoped to preserve the grade of 1 in 50, which had been laid down as a maximum. To avoid this expense of time and money they constructed a temporary line with a grade of 237½ feet to the mile, in a more or less direct course down the steep defile—a grade twice the maximum.

That old line is now the highway from Hector to Field, but before 1907, when it was still used, trains had to be operated with most careful braking, and trap sidings were laid to catch runaways. To work 700 tons of freight up this hill required four powerful locomotives, two at the head and two as pushers behind. To get an idea of what faced the men in those days it is necessary only to drive up from Field to Stephen on the highway, the old right of way, and study the grade which calls for a certain amount of low and second gear from the best cars, and observe some of the hairpin turns and switchbacks.

The present Hill is a vastly different kind of railroad. Maintenance-of-way men, in fact, speak of it as one of the best anywhere on the continent. All the track from Stephen to Revelstoke is 130-pound rail,—the heaviest on the system—double-spiked and well graded to compensate curvature and climb.

Since there was no room in the Kicking Horse

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$1,000 FOR A STORY

A TOTAL OF $2,000 IN PRIZE MONEY

Maclean's circulation, more than three times what it was twenty years ago, is convincing proof that Canadians want to see the movement of Canadian life reflected for them by Canadian authors. In pursuance of this policy, and to give added stimulus to Canadian literature, Maclean's announces a Prize Contest for the Best Canadian Short Story.

Announcing MACLEAN'S Canadian Short Story Contest

THREE $500 PRIZES

The Contest will have three divisions:

1. **ROMANCE** For the best romantic story submitted Maclean's offers $500 in cash.
2. **ADVENTURE or DETECTIVE** For the best adventure, mystery or detective story Maclean's offers $500 in cash.
3. **HUMOR** For the best humorous story submitted Maclean's offers $500 in cash.

An additional $500 will be awarded to the story adjudged best in the whole contest, making the **GRAND PRIZE $1,000**

In addition to these prizes, Maclean's reserves the right to publish any other story submitted on payment to the author of the magazine's regular rates.

CONDITIONS

1. Competitors must be domiciled in Canada. For the purposes of this contest the term "domiciled" covers any Canadian serving with the Armed Forces of Canada or the Allied nations no matter where located, and Canadians living temporarily in other countries.
2. The theme of stories must pertain to things Canadian.
3. Stories must be original and must not have been previously published. They must not be merely anecdotes. They must have pattern, or plot, characterization, fictional construction.
4. Stories should not exceed 8,000 words in length. They need not necessarily be 8,000 words long. A story of 3,000 words has an equal chance with a longer one. More than one story may be entered.
5. Because of war circumstances Maclean's will not bar legibly handwritten manuscripts, but in all possible manuscripts should be typewritten double space on one side of the paper.
6. Manuscripts must be mailed flat, addressed CANADA'S PRIZE STORY CONTEST ROMANCE (or Adventure or Humor according to the class in which the story is entered) MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2.
7. The manuscript itself must be signed by a nom de plume. For identification purposes contestants must write their pen name and their own name and address on a separate piece of paper and enclose it in a sealed envelope bearing the pen name only on the outside. This envelope should then be attached to the manuscript.
8. No members of the staff of the Maclean Publishing Company Limited are eligible to compete.

MANUSCRIPTS MUST REACH THE HEAD OFFICE OF MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS ON OR BEFORE SEPTEMBER 1, 1945.

Maclean's will take all reasonable care of manuscripts received and will return all unsuccessful stories in cases where stamped addressed envelopes are enclosed but no other responsibility will be assumed. Nor can the judges enter into any correspondence concerning the contest.

JUDGES

Manuscripts will be judged by the editorial staff of Maclean's and if necessary outside consultants.

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Canyon and Yoho Valley in which to extend the line to cut down gradients, the engineers were forced to the ingenious alternative of tunnelling two complete circles into two mountains to gain the length necessary to reduce the grade. They are the famous Spiral Tunnels, railway engineering marvels of the age.

Tunnel No. 1, from the east, enters 10,008-foot Mount Cathedral for 3,255 feet, turning through 250 degrees, two thirds of a full circle, on a 573-foot radius, passing under itself and emerging at the west portal 54 feet lower. Tunnel No. 2, through 8,806-foot Mount Ogden, has a similar radius through an angle of 232 degrees. It is 2,822 feet long and reduces the grade by 50 feet, also, of course, completing a full circle. This means that the railway travels the valley by three different lanes at different elevations and crosses and recrosses the Kicking Horse River by four bridges.

Sometimes, though it happens only occasionally and requires a train of some 80 cars, there will be on the Hill a freight train long enough to demonstrate more clearly than any map or drawing the construction of the Spiral Tunnels. The engine will be seen emerging from one of the portals while a few cars and the caboose at the rear have yet to enter the other portal.

Passenger trains going up the Hill require two engines, while freights have three, the road engine and helper at the head end and another helper pushing behind.

Road engines, 5900 series, are given a total of 1,025 tons up the hill while pushers of the 5800 series are assigned 825 tons. Thus a 5900 and two 5800 pushers would be expected to pull 2,675 tons but actually it is worked out a little differently and the tonnage would be more likely 2,500 or less. It takes from an hour and 10 minutes to an hour and a half to work a train up the 14.4 miles of Hill, and pushers are allowed 45 minutes for the deadhead return trip.

The Big Hill Type

FIELD'S Big Hill sets it apart from the usual run of railway centers. It would be too much to say, perhaps, that Field men are a different breed of railroaders, but there is something about these mountain men as rugged as the Rockies themselves.

Quiet spoken, seldom given to merely polite conversation, they take what comes in the way of tonnage and weather. Their Big Hill is never an easy master and in winter it can get as cold as 40 below. Blizzards blow sometimes, and a "bad rail" is a constant nightmare to men who would rather face anything than the disgrace of stalling on the Hill.

Passenger and freight crews end their runs at Field from both west and east, while enginemen and firemen bid in from all over the Alberta district on the lucrative pusher service carrying the higher mountain rate of pay. Time was when nine pusher crews—that would be 18 enginemen—lived at Field with their families. Now, however, only the veteran Seth Partridge, a bachelor, who started firing on the Hill back in 1907, has his permanent home at the Field YMCA. Most of the others live at Calgary or Medicine Hat and return to their home cities when their miles are in each month.

The whole Hill is protected by automatic block signals, maintenance of which on this rugged terrain is not without hazard. More than once Hughie Reid, signal maintainer, has been treed by a bull moose which mistook his innocent speeder for a rival lord of the forest.

Slides, too, have played havoc with his delicately adjusted installations. At one troublesome place the ingenious Hughie developed a "burglar alarm" system, putting in a set of wires strung on short poles 50 yards on the high side of the track at the foot of the slide area. Any heavy object coming down the mountainside touches these wires with sufficient force to break the circuit and signals a halt to traffic.

The trap worked fine, Hughie said, until one night some wild animals adopted the wires and poles for a scratching place, thereby dropping the signals and leading to a certain amount of fervid cussing.

Field's most famous slide is the one which came down over two levels of the track, wiping out the station at the point then known as Mars. This was the occasion when Billy Adamson, returning at the throttle of a pusher engine, was coming down the hill. He saw the slide and stood by his engine while his fireman, Seth Partridge, clambered down the precipitous sides of the canyon to warn the telegraph operator and call out the gangs. The present station replacing Mars, now shows on the timecard as Partridge in commemoration of the brave deed.

Track patrolmen, like their brothers in the section service, are a hardy and devoted lot, inured to the

Continued on page 22

Bread *stretches your food dollar*

Cut the cost of main dishes with these delicious recipes

DOES your food budget stump you every time you try to dress up a simple family meal? Then take this tip: include BREAD in the dishes you plan.

The clever things Bread will do are a happy cooking surprise. Bread puts the "company" touch to ordinary dishes—makes left-overs fit for a feast. Recipes with bread help to spread main dish helpings when unexpected guests show up for dinner.

Bread is *highly* nutritious eaten alone or used in main dishes. It is one of the best and cheapest sources of food energy, and our Canadian bakers are supplying you with bread that is a good source of high-quality protein for tissue-building and muscle repair.

Bread is so easy, so *satisfying* to cook with. Use slices, cubes, toast, breadcrumbs. Bread combines perfectly with almost every other food.

You'll find it fun to try the recipes on this page. All are simple, inexpensive, taste-tempting. Let your family and your budget be the judge.

Croustades of Creamed Chicken (Illustrated)

Croustades for servings desired
1½ cups medium-thick white sauce
1½ cups diced cooked chicken
1 scraped onion
Seasoning as desired

Croustades—Cut day-old bread in 2¼-inch slices. Remove crusts. Cut into 3 by 2½-inch pieces. Hollow out each block with sharp knife. Leave shells unbroken but thin. Brush all over with melted butter. Brown lightly in moderate oven.

White Sauce—Melt 2 tbsp. butter and blend with 2 tbsp. flour, ½ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper, or few grains cayenne. Add 1 cup hot milk. Stir and cook until mixture thickens smoothly.

Combine sauce and chicken. Add scraped onion. Season to taste. Heat over boiling water. Serve in hot croustades. Garnish with parsley.

Baked Meat Loaf

4 cups soft breadcrumbs
2 lbs. ground raw beef
1 chopped onion
1 tbsp. salt
2 eggs, slightly beaten
½ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. meat and poultry seasoning
Shortening

Combine all ingredients except fat. Mix thoroughly and shape gently into loaf. Place in roasting pan and spread generously with fat and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Brown in very hot oven, 550°. When richly browned, lower heat sharply to 350°. Continue to bake uncovered 45 to 60 minutes longer. Baste frequently.

Cheese Fondue

3 cups bread, cut in ½-inch cubes
1½ cups grated nippy cheese
3 eggs, slightly beaten
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
Scraped onion to taste
2 tbsp. butter
3 cups hot milk

Place alternate layers of bread cubes and cheese in greased baking dish, having cheese on top. Add seasonings and butter to eggs and stir in milk. Pour over bread and cheese and let stand ½ hour. Bake in pan of hot water in moderate oven, 325° to 350°, until knife inserted in centre comes out clean. (45 to 60 minutes.) Serve at once. Bacon is perfect with it.

CROUSTADES OF CREAMED CHICKEN—A DELICIOUS "MAIN DISH" FOR LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of National Health.

Buy Bakers' Bread

You can rely upon your local baker for the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill—his modern equipment and methods. The fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is packed with food energy, unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavour.

The man who took Tuberculosis in his stride . . .

A victim of tuberculosis is not necessarily condemned to the life of an invalid, *if two things happen*

First, the early discovery of the disease . . . and second, the calm and systematic carrying out of the doctor's program of recovery.

Tragically, thousands of people today are carrying early tuberculosis around without realizing it

For it's not hard to ignore a slight pain in the chest, a constant tired feeling, or a persistent cough. And it's not until they discover their sputum is blood-streaked that many tuberculosis victims see their doctor

Even then it may not be too late. At first, twenty four hour-a day rest and quiet are essential—the kind of care best afforded by a sanatorium

It may take a short or long time to build up the resistance the body needs to fight off the disease, and establish the patient on the road to recovery. And after discharge from the sanatorium the real job has just begun

For it is then that the patient must depend on *himself* to practise the routine already established. He must be careful to have adequate sleep . . . proper diet . . . sensible recreation He must avoid overexertion In fact, these are wise precautions for *any* who fear tuberculosis.

Young adults, and teen age boys and girls—especially the latter—are the most likely victims of active tuberculosis.

Parents should warn their families to be careful of chronic coughers who may be harbouring the germs —many elderly people with "asthma" or "bronchitis" may have the disease.

And, since the surest way to find tuberculosis early is by routine examination, including X-ray all of us, young or old should be looked over regularly.

Precautions like these have contributed much to the decline of the tuberculosis death rate Thirty years ago it was some 220 per hundred thousand people Today it is down to 40 per hundred thousand

That's largely because of two developments First modern methods for finding tuberculosis *early*. Second, adequate care for people *after* they have been discharged from the sanatorium—especially those who prematurely think themselves ready to resume an active, strenuous life

To help you understand the importance of early tuberculosis recognition and its latest rehabilitation, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet entitled "Tuberculosis." Write for a free copy of this booklet, today.

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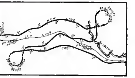

The map shows how the transcontinental line takes its steepest hill by twice reversing on itself and spiralling into two mountains.

Continued from page 20

tough weather and resourceful in clearing the rails of fallen rocks. Typical is the story of George Sacaline, Russian born watchman at Yoho on the downward end of the hill George's section lies beneath the frowning cliffs of Mount Stephen. One night last winter in a howling blizzard George found an obstruction on his section and set about to clear it The force of the wind however, carried away his mitts and he suffered two badly frozen hands before the tracks were clear.

Field railwaymen living in the midst of a game preserve think it unusual if an evening passes when they do not encounter game on the Big Hill

Moose they say differ greatly from elk "Moose are like cows," said one veteran engineer "They get out on the track in the glare of the headlight and stare at it until they turn and run. Then they'll jog along for miles ahead of the engine. An elk is a lot smarter He'll take to the bush after a short run"

Battles between bull elk and moose are a common sight. Not long ago the crew of a lead engine witnessed a drama of the wilds in which two slinking coyotes, chasing a half grown elk calf were put to rout by a mother elk who tackled them with flashing forefeet. It is not uncommon to see a proud eagle or a nighthawk put to disgraceful retreat by a band of raucous crows. Small deer abound, as do rabbits

On one occasion a section crew working in a steep cut witnessed the thrilling and tragic end of a chase The bank at this point is even higher than the telegraph poles While the men were at work a body flashed over the edge of the bank, hurtled onto the wires bounced and fell dead on the track It was a deer As the men watched muzzles of two timber wolves appeared momentarily over the edge of the bank The trapped deer, in a last surge of desperation had leaped blindly from the bank to find death on the track below

All in all Field's railwaymen don't consider themselves badly off As a veteran engineer put it "I have been going up and down this Hill for 37 years, and each time it looks different. If the day ever comes when I can't get a thrill out of this country I hope the boys will lay me away quietly And besides where can you get fishing like here?"

Seth Partridge, dean of the Hill's railwaymen, seen here at the throttle of his "pusher," has a station named for him.

***Tokyo in 40 hours** . . . Fantastic? Not when the enormous advances made during the war are applied to civilian flying. Soon trips to anywhere in the world will be undertaken as lightheartedly as we now plan a weekend at the lake. This is largely due to the new "alloyed" metals with the lightness of aluminum and the strength of steel. Just as the use of alloys improves metals B-A Peerless sensational new motor oil is "alloyed" to inhibit oxidation . . . help keep repair costs down . . . keep engines cleaner . . . keep cars running longer.*

"It's Alloyed"

secret of amazing new motor oil

FOR YEARS petroleum chemists have sought ways to offset lubricating oil's natural tendency to oxidize in the presence of heat and pressure. Motorists, on the whole, have not given the matter a thought till faced with a burned out bearing, an engine that needed 'decarbonizing' with valves that needed regrinding or rings that stuck. But these days with cars which have already given two or three times normal peace time service, the news that a way has been found to 'alloy' lubricating oil against oxidation just as iron is alloyed to make stainless steel, is a matter of first importance.

Peerless Motor Oil, a product of the British American Oil Company's ultra modern refinery at Clarkson—the only lubricating oil refinery designed and built in Canada during the last 5 years—is without question as pure and efficient an oil as you can find anywhere . . . even before *"it's alloyed."* After this process it is the only logical choice for motorists who want to keep their cars running at no extravagant cost for repairs! We urge you therefore to change quickly from old, worn-out, winter-grade oil to new, sparkling, *"alloyed"* Peerless Motor Oil! The British American Oil Company Limited

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***Soaring Towers:** Stark but beautiful against the evening sky stand the towers of British American Oil's refinery at Clarkson. Designed expressly to make lubricating oils for Canadian motorists which—in our Canadian climate—will give them complete protection longer, this very ultra modern oil plant uses a unique 5 point refining process. This includes amazing "alloy" which protects oil against heat and pressure in modern cars, saves repair costs!*

***Fouled Engines,** clogged piston rings, sticking valves, crankcase sludges, blocked oil lines caused by using inferior motor oils result in costly repairs. Peerless Motor Oil is "alloyed" to inhibit oxidation, keep engines cleaner, avoid time-consuming costly repairs like this and keep cars running longer!*

***Time to change** old, tired, winter-grade oil for sparkling Peerless the oil that's 'alloyed' to cut repair costs, keep motors cleaner, running longer!*

***Summer's coming!** Yes, but are you ready? . . . Your car for instance, is it in shape for summer driving? If not drive in tomorrow to the nearest B-A dealer, have him drain the old, contaminated winter grade oil from the crankcase of your car, and refill with pure sparkling Peerless Motor Oil. "It's Alloyed," keeps engines cleaner.*

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'It's Alloyed'! Peerless Motor Oil sold at the sign of the big B-A, is the oil that's 'alloyed' to keep engines clean. Switch NOW to B-A Peerless Motor Oil!

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Solon Low

Continued from page 10

There are worse places in which a boy can grow up than a small town on the prairies. Solon Low's parents picked Cardston for him and there he was educated through public and high schools. Later he went to the University of Alberta, taking a lively interest in student activities in debating and in basketball and other sports and then taught school. While doing the latter he met another schoolteacher—John Blackmore—now the Federal House leader of the Social Credit party.

In those days Solon Low weighed 140 pounds. He is stockily built and stands five feet, six and a half inches in height. Later in politics, when he moved to Edmonton as a minister in the Aberhart Government, his main hobby still was basketball, as manager, coach and often referee. For basketball has been a ruling passion of the younger generation in Edmonton, where the world champion girls team, the Grads, had become a local institution. He has grown chunkier, now weighs 170 pounds, wears glasses.

Solon Low neither smokes nor drinks. To do either is against the canons of the Mormon Church in which he is a member in good standing. Every boy in that church enters the rank of priesthood at the age of 12 years. In the "Priesthood of Seventy" Low has attained second rank. Any man in a Mormon congregation may be called on to preach, and Low has often done so.

This and his forensic training as a school debater stood him in good stead in the legislature at Edmonton from the time in 1935 when he won the Warner riding next to the American boundary. A college-trained schoolteacher, he became a logical successor to Charles Cockroft, who resigned as provincial treasurer in 1937. He proved his mettle in an unusual incident a few months after attaining Cabinet rank.

The first budget Low brought down in the legislature ran into a great insurrection that rocked the Aberhart Government. The issue centred on whether the Social Credit Government should move more quickly to establish Social Credit. It boiled down to whether a real effort had been made to obtain the services of Major C. H. Douglas, London, England, then regarded as the leading authority on Social Credit, in order to frame legislation in line with the monetary theory on which the Aberhart Government had come into power. The Press Gallery, crammed with outside newspapermen, estimated how the vote would go if it were taken, and saw plainly the chance that the Aberhart ministry would be defeated. Excitement mounted. Premier Aberhart, never so strong a man in the legislature as in the pulpit or on the hustings, virtually lost control of the situation. But the insurgents lacked the final ounce of determination that would have toppled the Government.

Mr. Low produced a simple formula. He obtained the agreement of insurgents and loyalists alike to pass a three-months budget if in the meantime a final attempt was made to bring Major Douglas out to Alberta. The crisis evaporated. An emissary went to London and brought back not the elusive Douglas, but two of his agents. The Social Credit ministry was never again seriously threatened from within. Solon Low had saved the Aberhart Government, and his stock has stood high in the Social Credit movement since. When he was defeated in Warner in 1940 the party found a seat for him in Vegreville.

Along with personal attractiveness, by which he wins friends and influences people, Mr. Low possesses a keen mind. It is not without its idiosyncrasies, for he is interested in pyramidology and on one occasion in the early days of Social Credit, he argued publicly that such an important event as the opening of credit houses in Alberta had been foretold in measurements of the pyramids of Egypt! But his chief, Mr. Aberhart, specialized in Biblical prophecy, and numerology had an attraction for other members of the Government, so there was no lack of unconventional elements in the political ideas centred in Edmonton.

Low, who had to steer financial policy in a province committed to financial unorthodoxy, had plenty of problems to solve, both inside and outside the party councils. His budgets were orthodox, if one overlooks defaults on bond maturities, half the value of interest coupons, and sinking fund installments.

He remained treasurer of Alberta's Provincial Government until after he was chosen national leader of the Social Credit party a year ago, but soon resigned his Provincial Cabinet post in order to concentrate on his wider duties.

The combative element that comes into play in strenuous sports has not disappeared from Solon Low's make-up. It shows up occasionally in the rough-and-tumble of politics which in Alberta are anything but uneventful. In July 1938, he went to Red Deer, Alta., to address a Social Credit meeting, and encountered vigorous heckling that stopped him short. He jumped down from the platform and started to lead his supporters in throwing out the hecklers. Blows were exchanged but the trouble subsided without damage. Still boiling the next day he said: "It was the most bestial demonstration I have ever seen." He blamed it on "rowdies plied with liquor." But one learns to take as well as give and the old political story about the drunk who interrupted a political meeting has been told at Low's expense by his friends. The drunk is reputed to have said: "Do you think I could listen to that fellow while sober?" He can take a joke.

Low's chief mission as provincial treasurer was the search for a solution to the problem of refunding the Alberta debt. He learned patience and tact in dealing in the Social Credit caucus with this thorny subject which has had nine years of turbulent history already. It meant dealing with investment interests, and Alberta burned its bridges in that direction. Plank No. 1 of the 1935 Social Credit platform was: "Cessation of borrowing from outside sources." Certainly Alberta has not borrowed since 1935, and could not do so in any investment market until the defaults are cleared up.

Alberta's attempt at monetary revolution failed. But to Solon Low Canada's wartime controls of money and credit are probably an augury of what can be done nationally.

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Moonshine in the Valley

Continued from page 17

off his hat and smiling. "Aren't you even going to wish me luck?" Then he grinned.

When dad grinned that way you always had to smile back a little no matter how mad you were and when mother smiled a little uncertainly, he squeezed her so hard I heard her shirtwaist snap. There was a choke in her voice as she said "If they catch you—"

"They won't catch me, understand?" His voice was rough. "There's nothing to worry about. I know just where I'm taking it; they're paying me cash and I'll quit as soon as I've got what's coming to us."

We watched him drive down the dusty road. My, but he did look fine sitting up there on the truck seat, not an ounce of fat or lard anywhere and his back straight as a rod. I swelled with pride to think how wonderful he was, how generous and smart. There was nobody in the whole world who knew as much about everything as dad I felt. I told mother I never even wanted to go to grandfather's if it meant going without dad and she smiled sort of queerly as she told me not to worry, that we'd probably never go anywhere. Hazel and I prayed hard for him that night.

I NEVER saw dad look so fine or so important as the time he returned two days later. Grandly he stepped down from the truck seat to reveal a new hat, suit and a brand new pair of boots, which he carefully dusted with a new handkerchief from his hip pocket. Mother ran from the house and into his arms, almost crying, she was so relieved. When he got his arms free he threw the canvas off the truck. There were sacks of sugar, rice and flour, and tins of syrup. "There's our fall supplies," said dad with considerable satisfaction. For himself he'd bought a chest of new tools, for mother a new dress, shoes, some other clothes and a big box of candy.

Hazel screamed when he handed her the biggest doll I ever saw, and I about died when he put in my arms a real boy's size .22. Giving out presents was just old pie for dad. As a climax he unbuttoned his new coat, took out a shiny new wallet and showed a big chunk of folding money. "Didn't think it was smart to open a bank account in Firland so soon," he said carelessly. "This goes behind the brick in the chimney."

Mother didn't say much and she didn't open her box of candy but we didn't notice until later, being too excited.

Dad got the stuff in the house and I noticed that he had some new bottles which he sneaked as quick as he could to the hollow. I told mother about those bottles but she didn't say anything; she looked like she had kind of expected it. That night they argued for a long time in bed, mostly mumbling, then I heard dad say, "Oh let up. Be reasonable. If it's a clean product and I give value received, what harm—?" Then mother's answer blazed. "Go on, stay in the liquor business! You promised you'd quit when you had your return and you're not keeping your promise!"

"Want to see us poor for life, is that it?" asked dad sarcastically. "Well, for once we'll build up a bank account. If I can get 50 more gallons to those people by the time the haze clears off—"

"Very well, Henry. As long as you go on I'll touch neither that money nor anything you buy with it. A fine lesson for the children that with this money they get—"

I think I fell asleep about that moment and must have dreamed about my new .22 because I woke thinking about it and shot downstairs to handle it a while. Besides there'd be pancakes with the new flour and syrup and candy afterward.

But the table was set with the same breakfast we'd been having for days—salt pork, fried potatoes, coffee and potato mush. I set up a howl. "You eat this and keep still," said mother in a tone that silenced me at once. But she couldn't silence Hazel, who rolled on the floor and beat her knees when she understood that mother'd taken everything dad had brought, all the supplies, the new clothes, the candy, my gun and Hazel's doll—and had locked them all up in the milkshed. Dad came in looking almost as grim as she, and said, "Aw, give them something at least," but mother wouldn't answer; she just kept frying potatoes in the skillet.

"Where's the key to the milkshed?" asked dad.

Mother shrugged. "You know the price of that key," she said.

Dad suddenly went white with anger. "All right," he said. "Then I'll be stubborn too." And he sat down to eat the breakfast that was on the table.

I choked with rage and longing all the way to school. If you've never lived in a place where candy is something you get once in three months, and especially if you've never gone two months with just enough sweets to flavor your food—you won't understand what Hazel and I felt, knowing all that stuff was locked up.

At supper we had salt pork again and more potatoes, and stewed prunes with nothing but the natural sugar. Dad finally had to tell us he didn't want to hear any more whining and after that there wasn't much of anything said by anybody.

A week later dad made another trip, bringing back another wad of money that he put behind the brick, and some more new bottles, which he took down to the hollow without bothering to hide them from mother. We didn't ask why he didn't bring any supplies. We weren't eating much besides salt pork and potatoes when he returned from his third trip. "Still mad?" dad asked mother as he put some more money behind that brick. "There's almost $1,000 there. When are you going to get on to yourself?"

She was darning one of my socks, what there was left of it from previous darnings, and said nothing.

"As soon as it's safe I'm going to open that bank account."

"I'll never touch a cent of it," said mother quietly.

"Look," said dad with exasperation, "I told you that as soon as the haze clears away—"

"Forget it," said mother, wearily.

THOUGH the haze still hung on, mother was jumpy about strangers. One afternoon, while dad was busy in the hollow, the Rev. Meathy drove up in his Model T. Mother was doubly worried then, for the Reverend hated liquor like sin, and was pretty severe when the Sloans one time tried making some potato whisky. But fortunately he was in a hurry this time and didn't get out of his car. Just came by to tell about the rally to be held on the church grounds next Saturday. He said, "Our M.P. will be there and wants to acquaint the valley with important facts regarding the coming election. Bring your lunch and stay all day." Later the Rev. Fraser will

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McCARTHY HAS A CLOSE SHAVE
DURING DOMINION-WIDE SWING TO CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE
BUENOS DIAS SEÑORA
HELLO MRS. HATCHET FACE I WAS JUST LEAVING—TO—ER—TO GET A SHAVE
WAIT CHARLIE I HEAR MORE CANADIANS ARE DRINKING CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE THAN EVER BEFORE
SO CHARLIE TO REWARD YOU FOR PUSHING CHASE & SANBORN SALES UP I'M GOING TO BE YOUR SECRETARY
NO—NO!
YOU WOULDN'T LIKE WORKING FOR ME I'M A HEEL—A HEEL WITHOUT A SOLE I'M A SKUNK—AND BESIDES THE PAY IS ONLY 15 CENTS A WEEK
15 CENTS A WEEK! THEN I QUIT
THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE
CHEAPSKATE I BET YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MAKING CHASE & SANBORN SO POPULAR!
THE SENORA IS RIGHT IT WASN'T McCARTHY FLAVOR DOOD IT
HALF A CUP OF FLAVOR? OR FLAVORFULL CHASE & SANBORN
TRY IT, FOLKS! SEE WHY IT'S WINNING NEW FRIENDS SO FAST!
CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

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GINGERBREAD CUP CAKES

½ cup melted shortening
1½ cups molasses
1 egg, beaten
2½ cups sifted flour
1 tsp. Magic Baking Soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. ginger
½ tsp. cloves
½ tsp. salt
¾ cup hot water
1 tsp. Magic Baking Powder

Combine shortening and molasses and add egg. Stir until well blended. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the hot water. Bake in 24 2½" cup cake pans in moderate oven (350°F.) for 30 minutes. Blend one 3 oz. package of cream cheese with enough milk to make of sauce consistency. Top each serving with a spoonful.

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Its frosty, champagne-tang quenches thirst quickly. It's invigorating!

World Famous
CANADA DRY
"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

Continued from page 26

vest us for some wholesome and entertaining reviving.

I didn't jump up and down because I knew mother wouldn't like me to until the Reverend had left. It wasn't often we got to see many people at a time.

Mother told dad and he guessed a little relaxation wouldn't hurt us—though that's just like them to ask you to listen to a politician and not offer to furnish the grub. "Bring your own lunch." Dad laughed and some of the tension we'd been under eased off.

Saturday I was up with the sun, without being routed out, to get my chores done early. Mother packed the lunch while dad turned the stock out to pasture and gave the chickens double feed, for we didn't expect to be back by nightfall. Then we cleaned up, dad put on his new clothes and mother her usual good dress. Hazel and I got in the back of the truck with the lunch and dad put in a couple of bottles. "Just cider," he told mother hastily when her eyes narrowed. "Want to smell?" It was cider and mother was mollified.

Then dad got another idea. He asked mother, "Can you get a ride back with the Turners?" She asked why and he answered that he might as well take that money in the house with him, then after the rally take the truck on down to Firland and go to the bank.

We wished dad hadn't mentioned that money because mother looked tight-lipped again. She shrugged. "I don't care what you do about it," she said. "Of course we can return with the Turners."

Dad ran in the house, came right out again, patted his breast and said, "Almost $1,000 there." He started the truck and about an hour after sunup we bolted down the valley road.

Everybody left farm behind that day, I think. Todd Sanders and his father came tearing by on their horses and we saw the Sloans, the Weddells and the Turners in their wagons—the Weddells even had their hired man.

Considering it was October it warmed up surprisingly and it was downright hot when we sighted the church and the village. Trucks and wagons arrived in droves and already the picnic grounds adjoining the church milled with people. There was a wooden platform where I supposed they'd give the speeches and men sweated to put up a lemonade-and-pop stand. People gathered by families or by parts of the valley where they came from, around the long picnic tables with benches nailed to them. Small children toddled between the groups pursued by flustered mothers and older sisters. Men in shirt sleeves moved off, away from the women and children to talk crops. The Rev. Meatley greeted everybody and introduced them to an important-looking man, the Member of Parliament.

I spotted the Turners—Billy Turner went to our school—and they hollered both of us to join them and we did and dad moved off to talk with the men but gave me two-bits when mother wasn't looking, to buy pop with, and pretty soon there was the biggest crowd you ever saw—200 or 300 people, I'm sure.

I treated Billy to some pop and bought candy for myself, then we played hide and seek very hard among the people and wagons, then ran spang into a bunch of men laughing very hard behind the wagons. "Hand it to Hank Taggart," one man was saying. "He knows what you need to hear speeches on!" There was more laughter at this and I saw a red-faced man taking bottles and glasses out of a car and laying them on a board over two sawhorses. "Only a dime a drink, gentlemen," he was saying. "See if the M.P.'ll take a drink," said somebody. "Can't get him to—he's with Meatley," said a third, and everybody laughed again.

We skinned out of there, played some more, forgot about it, then looked up our crowd. Mother was setting the food and cider bottles out on our table. Mr. Turner came up in his shirt sleeves with dad and said the food looked mighty good and dad said yes, then Mr. Turner said it was a mite raw, Hank Taggart selling it on church grounds, and dad agreed with him. Mr. Turner wondered where Hank got it, then asked dad why he didn't take his coat off and dad answered he wasn't hot and they moved on again. Mother told us to play some more, that the food wouldn't be ready for an hour yet.

ABOUT 11 everybody got to eating, and in the quiet the Rev. Meatley mounted the platform. "Friends and neighbors," he began, but didn't get any farther because suddenly a terrible row broke out among the wagons. Two men spilled out, slugging and kicking at each other—Todd Sanders and Joe Roma. Todd gave Joe an uppercut that landed him in the dust, right in front of everybody, then started gouging, but folks got them separated.

"I knew things wouldn't be quiet long, with Hank Taggart passing that out," said Mr. Turner, and dad nodded. The Reverend got down from the platform and walked toward Todd and Joe, mad as a hornet. The crowd closed and we couldn't see anything more. "Eat your lunch," said mother, sharply.

"Meatley's got a couple of provincials here today," said Mr. Turner. "Taggart's done for."

"That so?" asked dad, his mouth full of sandwich.

When the crowd opened Hank Taggart was led out, dragging his feet, between two tall, sort of quiet men. "The provincials," said Mr. Turner.

The Reverend got back on the platform real quick. "Friends and neighbors," he began again as if nothing had happened. He said how wonderful it was to have this fine day and how pleased he was to have this turnout and how proud to have in our very midst our representative in Parliament to give us a first-hand report on the coming election. We ate while he talked, which kept even the children quiet, and suddenly a voice behind me said, "Who belongs to these two bottles on this table?"

"I do," said dad, looking around. "Cider in 'em. Why?"

It was one of the tall quiet men. "Just want to look at them, that's all."

Mrs. Turner gasped. "Why, of all the nerve!" but the man uncorked one bottle anyway, sniffed at it, started to put it back with an apology, then lifted it high and glanced at the label. He looked at dad sharply. "Where did you get this bottle?"

"Why, in Firland," said dad.

The Rev. Meatley had been frowning while all the talking went on and now he stopped dead and everybody stared our way. I saw mother's hand creep toward her throat. The man said to dad, "Whose handwriting is this on this bottle?" I'd seen dad write those dates in pencil on the labels and stick them on his bottles. Dad thought a minute, then said, "It's my handwriting, of course. What of it?"

"That so!" said the man, fishing a label from his pocket. "This is from one of the bottles we took off Taggart. This your handwriting too?" It was marked in pencil exactly the same way.

"It's a crazy coincidence," said dad, swallowing. "I never had anything to do with Hank Taggart."

"Better come over here and talk things over with me and my buddy," said the officer. "We're trying to find out where Taggart gets his stuff. Maybe you can help us." Dad looked at mother just once, then turned to go. There was the most dreadful silence for a minute.

THEN everybody started talking at once. "The idea! Coming right to your table!" gabbled Mrs. Turner. "It must be a mistake," said Mr. Turner. "Of course it is," said somebody else. Mother had been standing like a grey statue through all this. Suddenly she came to life, jerked Hazel away from the table, took me by the hand and pushed us toward our truck. She told me to work the spark while she cranked it. The engine went off with a roar and mother told Hazel to get onto the seat with me. Hazel started to cry when she understood we were leaving the picnic ground but mother wasted no time arguing—just gave her a slap that jolted her into silence, jerked her onto the seat and a second later we moved out of the meadow and on our way home.

I think mother was the maddest I've ever seen her. I asked no questions—her jaw was too set. She had the throttle wide open and it didn't seem any time before we righted our road, turned up it and drew up before our house in a cloud of dust. She ordered Hazel to stay on the porch and run to tell us if she sighted anybody coming, then turned to me and told me to lead her to that still in the hollow. It shocked me a little to realize she'd never seen that still and didn't know where it was.

The fire burned low under the boiler and only the thinnest wisp of smoke went up. "Empty these bottles in the creek," she said. There was an axe in the chopping block and with it she began ripping into the kegs. "Won't dad get sore?" I asked.

"Do as I tell you!" she snapped, breathing hard. Two or three blows of the axe and the kegs broke, spilling the potato mash into the swiftly flowing creek. She had me throw the broken keg staves into the fire while she lit into the copper tubing with the axe and pushed the boiler off its boulder foundations. Though the swift creek quickly carried away the mash its odor mingled strongly with the rank undergrowth. There was a pool a few yards up from the hollow, formed years ago when some beavers dammed the stream, and into this mother threw the boiler and coils and barrel hoops. She was in the highest housecleaning mood I'd ever seen.

She finished by throwing the boulders from the fireplace into the pools and the bottles—I'd looked at several of them and saw those pencilled dates on almost all. I don't think mother's cleanout took over half an hour. When she was through her face and arms were black with ashes and sand and her dress was a sight, but somehow she looked happy. "That's one job I've been meaning to get at for a long time," she said. "Now we can go back to the church grounds with a clear conscience."

As we came past the maple clearing on the way back to the house I asked the question I hadn't dared before. "Mother, was that man selling some of the whisky dad made?"

"It looks that way," said mother grimly. Then she remembered and added, "Not a word about this, understand? Let me explain this to your father."

I promised and we went into the house to clean up. I was surprised to see by the kitchen clock it was just past noon. It seemed impossible so much had happened since morning. It took mother a while to clean her dress the way she wanted it, though Hazel and I were dying to go back and finish our lunch. We started the truck finally and just then a car drove up alongside us and one of the tall quiet men got out. "Is this the Slade place?" he asked.

Mother answered right away and very clearly. "I am Mrs. Slade. Whom do you wish to see?"

"Sorry, lady. Got a search warrant for this property. Want to see it?"

"For what reason?" she asked, just as clearly.

"Suspicion of liquor being made on your place."

"There's no liquor being made on this place," she said, right away.

I was sitting beside mother and suddenly I slipped my hand under her arm. She pressed her elbow against me and I could feel how terribly tense she was.

"Sorry, lady. Got to do my duty and look."

Mother got down from the truck. "I'll show you around," she said.

"Thanks," he said. "The boy will do."

I didn't dare look at mother. When we were beyond earshot of the house he said, "All right, son. Now show me where your dad makes his moonshine."

Dad often told me that when you're in a tight place the best thing is to tell the truth. So I said, "Dad's not making moonshine."

"All right, son. Just show me around."

I took him along the meadow, up the path toward school, through the potato patch. All the time he scanned the air and sniffed. "All right," he said finally. "Why are you avoiding that place beyond them maples? Take me there."

I felt scared but couldn't think of a reason for not taking him to the hollow. We emerged from the brush and he stared around for several minutes. "Been a fire here lately?" he asked. The ashes from the burned barrel staves still smoked a little.

"Yes," I said, my voice strangling in my throat. I felt for some reason I was being disloyal to dad and that I should lie but I couldn't think of any lies that sounded very convincing.

"What sort of fire?"

"Mother burned some rubbish."

He asked no more questions but poked around for himself, walking to the pool and glancing in briefly, then sauntering down the creek a piece. That creek flowed pretty fast but I wondered if it had carried away all the mash. Finally he nodded and told me to take him back to his car. He didn't stop to speak to mother, just got in his car and drove away fast.

I tried to tell mother how miserable I felt at not being able to steer the man away from the hollow but she didn't seem to hear much of what I said. She was sitting by the kitchen table staring into space, and she sat there a long time. Hazel cried a little when I said it was too late to go back to the picnic but mother paid no attention to her either. I went to feed the chickens and look after the pigs. When I came back she moved kind of listlessly. "Did the man say where your father is?" she asked.

I'd forgotten to ask the man about dad.

"Well, he's got the money with him to pay his fine," she said bitterly. "In case anything happens."

I WOKE up about midnight, thinking dad must be coming home, but it was the rain, pelting down on the shakes of the roof. I lay awake a long time and wondered how he'd get home and hoped he wasn't caught in the rain. Then I remembered about the

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Waterman's

two men carrying off Hank Taggart and wondered if they could have taken dad somewhere the same way. But I couldn't imagine dad letting anybody do that to him. When I came awake it was morning and still raining. My first thought was a wild hope the creek would be running too high to let us cross to school so I hurried to dress. I scrambled downstairs to the kitchen and was surprised to see an old suitcase open on the floor and mother making up bundles in sheets. "Help me with breakfast," she said. "Then you must help me pack."

"Aren't we going to school?"

"Not in this valley. Anyway it's Sunday. As soon as your father returns I'm taking you to your grandfather's."

Something in her tone kept me from jumping up and down. She sounded helpless and unhappy. "But," I said, "I thought dad didn't want you to go until we had a new car to drive up in."

She smiled, ever so faintly. "I'm afraid the old truck will have to do. We'd go now but I don't know when he'll be back and we can't leave the stock to die."

Then I realized we were leaving dad and I began to cry. Mother saw me cry and turned her own face away and started getting breakfast.

The idea of leaving dad for always made me sad all day. The day continued drizzly and cold and dark. The cows humped for comfort against the barn and the chickens looked bedraggled and miserable. Everything I saw made me gloomy. In the toolshed I looked at the sled dad began making for me the fall before. Long ago I learned he either had to finish a job in a few days or he lost interest. You were never disappointed though; he always made the plans for the next project sound so interesting you never remembered the last one.

The day was so dark mother kept the lamp on the kitchen table lit as she sat on the floor sorting out dad's things from hers—his old collar buttons from her pins and buttons, his old shirts and useless socks. On the table lay the telescope he'd bought to watch stars, the kit of tools he sent for when he figured on taking a correspondence course in veterinary surgery, and the divining rod he paid $20 for to locate oil in the ground. Things looked pretty dismal with all those tied-up bundles around. I felt sad when I went to bed.

Well, dad didn't come home for four days. It rained steadily, the wind whipping it up and sending it moaning down the chimney or in wild flurries against the windows. Mother began looking pretty strained as she waited for dad. She was so determined to leave that she never bothered to make us try to go to school. Finally I blurted out a question I couldn't contain any longer. "Mother, is dad in jail?"

Her answer was very quiet. "I don't know, son. I've been thinking of taking the truck in to see if he needs help. But I've been afraid to leave you to do everything alone."

This rather hurt me. "Aw, I can take care of things." I was thrilled at the thought of taking care of things alone, besides—I might get in the milkshed somehow, and fire off that .22 just once.

Mother smiled at me, sort of queerly. "We'll see how the weather is tomorrow."

The rain just pelted down during supper. Suddenly Hazel screamed and pointed at one of the windows. The beam of two headlights cut the darkness through the rain. We heard an automobile engine race, then die. "Stay indoors," said mother sharply.

It was dad though. We heard his step on the porch, then he was indoors and closing the door behind him quietly. He looked around, at first smiled a little uncertainly, then grinned, took off his hat and took a step toward mother. She stopped him firmly. "It's no use, Henry." She pointed to the bundles. "I'm leaving and that's that."

His grin faded. "Well," he said, "I guess I can't expect much else—after what happened."

"Were you in trouble?" asked mother.

Dad looked at his fingernails. "Well, I was kinda." He paused. "Lucky I had that money along. It took most of it to pay the fine."

Mother gasped. "Almost—almost $1,000?"

Dad looked extremely uncomfortable. "I guess I wasn't very smart. They said they'd send somebody up here to search the place, so when I was brought up before the judge I made a clean breast of the whole thing. Later I found out there wasn't any evidence. I couldn't figure that out but it was too late to do anything about it."

There was a pause. "I'm sorry," said mother simply. But she made no move toward him.

"I sold the potato crop," said dad.

Mother's jaw dropped. "You what?"

"Yeah," said dad. "I dropped in at the buyers. Figured you were right. It's better to get a few cents a bushel for them than nothing. Only," he brightened, "something's happened and prices have gone up. They paid me $300 down. I'm to get the rest when I deliver."

"What did you do with the money?" asked mother.

Dad lifted his head and looked mother square in the eye. "I spent it."

"Spent it! Three hundred dollars?"

"Yes," said dad, keeping his steady look. "I knew you'd go this time. I knew there was nothing I could say after what happened that'd keep you. Just what you were afraid of happened. I saw the way you looked at the picnic grounds and wasn't surprised when you ran off. I guess it was pretty humiliating for you."

"I didn't run off," began mother indignantly. "I—"

"So I figured there was just one last thing I could do . . . before you left me."

"I don't understand," said mother.

"Your father said when you married me that you'd never have a decent dress and would always eat the bread of poverty. He said I'd never amount to anything and I swore you'd never go back, even for a visit, until the day you could drive up in a new car. Well, I'm sorry it took me so long to find the car I want him to see you in, but it's outside. Take a look at it through the window."

I WHOOPED and ran to the window, crowding out Hazel. Dimly through the rain I could see polished metal gleaming in the window light. I yelled, "Mother, come and look! It's a beauty!"

But mother wouldn't come and look. She was staring in fascinated horror at dad. "You spent . . . all that money on a car?"

"Of course," he said. "That $300 is just the down payment, too. I'll pay the rest when I get the money for the crop. I guess it'll about take it all. But I've got pride too, Ada. I'll be hanged if I'll let that old buzzard say 'I told you so' to you. Now you can hold your head up when you get there and won't have to explain anything except to say maybe that we didn't get along together so well."

The strangest expression crept over mother's face; you couldn't tell if she

wanted to laugh or cry. "And you didn't buy . . . any supplies?"

"Supplies?" He looked puzzled. "Why, no—I spent everything on the car. Anyway I forgot them."

"But there's almost nothing left to eat on the place!"

I kept very still. Maybe they'd have to open that milkshed door if we stayed.

Mother stared at dad several minutes, that queer expression still on her face. "Henry Slade," she managed to say at last, "you never failed to come home just before winter with some useless gadget, did you?"

"Useless!" asked dad. Then he understood and he squeezed her tight and she buried her face in his shoulder and moaned a little. "Oh, I don't know as it's been so useless that gadget," he said, winking at me over her shoulder.

Mother smoothed his hair. "What in the world would you have lived on all alone without us?"

"I'd have gotten along. This winter's going to be the mildest in years. There's hardly any color in the dogwoods and the creeks are running extra low. It won't start for a long while yet and if you want to go to your folks for a visit there'll be time."

I looked outdoors again, trying to see the car. But I couldn't see it. The rain had turned to snow that already fell thickly.

What Social Credit Stands For

Continued from page 11

sufficient quantities here to meet consumer demands while providing Canadian producers full scope to expand their production in a home market equipped with adequate purchasing power. The necessary protection to Canadian industries could be provided in several ways: first, by the reduction of freight rates for all Canadian goods to a fraction of the present charges, the consequent loss to the railways being made good by means of subsidies; second, by a drastic reduction of taxation, thereby reducing production costs; third, by tariffs where necessary; and fourth, if the circumstances so required, by the regulation of foreign exchange so as to withhold foreign exchange for the purchase of imports that would damage the economy.

(8) Question—In party literature you propose subsidies to the retail merchant "on condition he allow his customers a price discount" yet you oppose price fixing. How then would you fix the amount of the discount? Discount from what price?

Answer: (May I once again reiterate that the Social Credit Movement is not a party.) The amount of the retail price discount would be determined by a mathematical computation of the actual deficiency of purchasing power which exists. The manner in which this deficiency occurs is known and therefore it is a simple matter to compute the percentage by which retail prices must be reduced in order to balance them with the available purchasing power.

The discount would be from the ordinary selling price as now computed.

(9) Question—These discount subsidies would be paid, you say, "on condition the merchants do not exceed a fair ratio of profit." What profit ratio is "fair" and who would determine it?

Answer—The ratio of gross profit for the retail trade varies with the type of business. For example, a grocery business may require 33⅓% to operate economically whereas a furniture store—with a large capital tied up in stock and a relatively slower turnover—may require 50% to operate economically. There is a recognized ratio of profit for different types of businesses, and a schedule of a "fair" ratio for each of these can be arrived at in consultation with the retail merchants' associations.

(10) Question—Would there be any right of appeal from these official decisions on subsidies, discounts, profit ratios, etc.?

Answer—As the subsidies to merchants in return for selling their goods at a discount would be determined by economic factors and not "officials" and the maximum profit ratio would be arrived at by agreement with the retail merchants themselves, there would be no need to provide for "a right of appeal." No merchant would be compelled to sell his goods at a discount. He will do so only because it will be profitable to him. Actually, because of the increased business opportunities the tendency is likely to be for merchants to reduce their ratio of profit to attract more business.

(11) Question—Do you favor a floor price for farm products? A ceiling price?

Answer—Yes. Agricultural prices should be maintained at a level which will give farmers a profit comparable to that of other industrial concerns. There is no need to have a ceiling price, because competition will take care of that.

(12) Question—Would loans to farmers and other producers have to be repaid? With interest? Would you put any ceiling on the amount of such loans?

Answer—The feature about any "loan" is that it has to be repaid. However, productive loans—whether to industry or agriculture—should be on such terms that enable the producer to sell his products and repay the loan. Instead of arbitrary interest charges on such loans, an equitable system of service charges should be substituted. The security and other factors involved would determine the credit worthiness of any individual borrower in determining the amount of the loan.

(13) Question—What would you do about existing farm debts and other private debts? What about the public debt, municipal, provincial and federal? Would you pay interest and principal on Victory Bonds, for instance?

Answer—Existing farm debts and private debts would present no problem if farmers and others were receiving an income in relation to the services they were rendering the nation. However, agricultural banks for extending long and medium term credit facilities to farmers would be desirable and for purposes of clearing up the farm debt problem these institutions could take over existing farm debts on terms which would enable the farmer to handle his debt obligations easily and to re-establish his credit.

The intention is that the public debt would be systematically liquidated as opportunities were provided for the investment of the money in the rapidly expanding capital development of the economy and this would be done without loss to a single individual. This of course would apply both to the principal and interest on Victory Bonds, which constitute the greater portion of the national debt.

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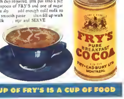

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The Finest in the Land

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(14) Question—How would you safeguard the value of life insurance policies? Bank deposits?

Answer—There need be no additional safeguards to those already existing in regard to life insurance policies. In the case of bank deposits because the national monetary authority would be responsible for the proper control of the monetary system Parliament could guarantee the safety of bank deposits.

(15) Question — Under your system, would anyone ever have to pay taxes?

Answer—At the outset a considerable reduction in taxation could be effected immediately to be followed by a systematic reduction thereafter.

(16) Question—You favor compulsory collective bargaining but you say the time may come when a scientific economy will automatically do away with the need for collective bargaining in the matter of wages and salaries. What do you mean by this?

Answer—We are not in favor of compulsion in any form. However existing collective bargaining machinery could be left in operation until such time as it became redundant. When workers have become established in the economic independence they will enjoy from the receipt of national dividends, no man will accept wages which he considers inadequate or working conditions that are obnoxious to him. In other words, when each worker has the freedom to choose for whom he will work and the conditions under which he is prepared to work the continual battle between employers and employees will become a thing of the past. Employers with a ready market for their goods will not be driven to keeping wages down to a minimum in order to cut costs so that they can undersell their competitors. Workers will not be faced with the alternative of accepting the working conditions imposed on them or alternatively being unemployed and destitute. Each will work in harmony with the other.

(17) Question—Are you in favor of health insurance? Unemployment insurance? Old age pensions? Family allowances?

Answer—If by this is meant compulsory contributory state insurance schemes all Social Crediters are implacably opposed to them. These schemes are a direct attack on the freedom of the individual. The compulsory contributions are a tax on incomes which reduces the standard of living. The centralized state control involved under an army of bureaucrats operating a mass of regulations is barefaced state regimentation. As Bismarck, the father of both compulsory state insurance and the plague of Nazism, stated these schemes are a device for shackling the worker more completely to the domination of the state. They are totalitarian in conception and in operation.

With national dividends the need for family allowances, health insurance and unemployment insurance would no longer exist. Old age pensions could be provided to supplement national dividends so as to ensure that every person over, say, age 60 received an income of at least $50 a month.

(18) Question—You say the operators of industry should have adequate financial facilities to pay good wages under proper working conditions. Who would define "adequate facilities," "good wages," "proper conditions"?

Answer—"Adequate financial facilities" means that producers will be able to obtain readily the short term production loans they require for the purpose of filling orders for their goods—i.e., for the purpose of producing wanted goods up to their plant capacity. Good wages are the scale of wages that would ensure a reasonable standard of living and which would be acceptable to workers who have the economic independence conferred on them by national dividends. The latter would likewise be the deciding factor as to what would constitute "proper working conditions."

(19) Question — You often denounce monopolies. What steps would you take to dissolve existing monopolies, prevent new ones? How would you deal with cartels, national and international?

Answer—The simplest way to deal with a monopoly is to introduce competition against it—and it ceases to be a monopoly. Therefore to deal with existing monopolies facilities—financial and legal—would be provided to encourage and back the establishment of competitive undertakings.

Cartels are an infringement on the sovereign integrity of the nation and should be made illegal under severe penalties.

(20) Question—What is your policy on international trade?

Answer—International trade should be an exchange of goods and services for goods and services with other countries on a mutually acceptable basis.

(21) Question—What would you do about foreign exchange? How would you make your Canadian dollar acceptable to other countries in order to buy goods and services from them?

Answer—The introduction of a Social Credit economy—i.e., a properly functioning economic democracy—would be resisted by powerful financial interests in other countries. In order to insulate the national economy from the manipulation of the foreign exchange rates the settlement of all trading balances with other countries would be carried out through the Bank of Canada. Banks would be supplied with a table of the rates of exchange between the Canadian dollar and other currencies based upon the relative price levels. An exporter of goods to another country would bill the purchaser in terms of his own currency computed on the basis of this table—and similarly an importer would buy from another country in terms of its currency. The exporter would receive payment and the importer would make payment for their respective transactions in Canadian funds through their own bank. The transactions in the other countries would be carried out through the central bank. In this manner it would be possible to safeguard completely the exchange value of the Canadian dollar.

(22) Question—Your party speaks of licensing exports, appropriating foreign credits obtained in export trade and using these credits to buy goods or pay debts in the country with which the credit has been established. How does this differ if at all from the "blocked marks" system invented by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht for Nazi Germany?

Answer—There is no mention of "licensing exports," "appropriating credits" and so forth. All the control of foreign exchange which would be required would exist under the arrangement outlined in 21.

(23) Question — Under a Social Credit regime if a Canadian wanted to visit Britain or the United States, how would he get the necessary sterling or U.S. dollars for the trip? Would he need a permit?

Answer—He would go to his bank and obtain the letters of credit he wanted. He certainly would require no permit to leave the country or to obtain the funds for the purpose unless some very extraordinary conditions existed between Canada and the country he wished to visit.

(24) Question — Should Canada take any part in international monetary or trade agreements?

Answer—Yes, provided that no such agreement involved the surrender to an external authority of the sovereignty of the people of Canada in regard to their own affairs, without which there can be no democracy.

We are implacably opposed to such agreements as those suggested by the Bretton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks Conferences, under which an external authority would exercise complete control of the national economy by an overriding control of the monetary system and would have at its disposal armed forces of overwhelming strength to enforce its dictates. That would constitute international dictatorship organized on the Nazi model. Our national leaders must be completely asleep or must be psychopathic cases to even contemplate getting involved in such organizations.

(25) Question — Should Canada join an international organization to prevent war? If so, ought she to be bound to support the decisions of such an organization by force if need be?

Answer—Until the causes of war and revolution are removed it will be impossible to prevent war. These causes are to be found in economic and political systems which deny the individual the freedom and the economic security which alone will yield peace, prosperity and progress. People who have freedom and security cannot be readily aroused to make war on their fellow men. The most effective contribution which Canada can make to the cause of peace is by example to show the nations of the world how to organize their economies to provide full freedom and economic security for all.

While that is being done the only effective international organization to minimize the possibility of aggression is a free association of nations who agree that in the event of any nation permitting a unit—mechanical or human—of its armed forces to cross the frontier of another sovereign nation, she shall be deemed an aggressor and every nation in the association will automatically be at war with her. On the subjugation of the aggressor nation the political, financial, industrial and military heads will be tried for murder and punished accordingly. Every nation in the association should have defense measures adequate to discharge her responsibilities.

We are implacably opposed to the surrender of the national control over its own armed forces in favor of an international authority. It is sheer insanity to imagine that any group of men with control of armed forces of overwhelming strength would not abuse the power this would give them. Such a group of men would be supreme dictators of the world and they are not likely to behave differently from the other power maniacs of history who have found themselves in a similar position. All power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely.

(26) Question — What should Canada's relationship be with Britain and the British Commonwealth?

Answer—This is for the people of Canada to decide. My view is that we should maintain our sovereign integrity within the family of the British Commonwealth in the spirit of "each for all and all for each," thereby providing an example to all other countries of what the brotherhood of nations should mean.

(27) Question—Should Canada be committed to fight in the interests of any or all parts of the Commonwealth?

Answer—This is answered by the reply to your previous question. If there was a close working arrangement between the members of the British Commonwealth—each exercising complete sovereignty over its own affairs—then any attack on one member of the Commonwealth would endanger every other member and they would automatically rush to her aid.

(28) Question — Should imperial preferences be continued in any form?

Answer—Under the economic reforms of Social Credit imperial preferences would not be necessary, as reciprocity in regard to export and import trade would put an end to the old struggle for markets. However to the extent that such trade can be directed into channels which will stimulate the development of all parts of the Commonwealth to their mutual advantage, without harming other nations this should be encouraged. That, again, is my own view. The actual policy adopted must be decided by Parliament.

(29) Question — Should Canada permit and encourage large-scale immigration after this war?

Answer—With the financial restrictions to economic development removed, Canada could absorb a steady influx of immigrants. However the utmost care should be given to the type of immigrant admitted.

(30) Question — Should Canada have power to amend her own constitution? What method of constitutional amendment would you suggest? Would you favor increasing the power of the Federal Government or not?

Answer—A sovereign people must have power to amend their own constitution. For this purpose Canada has only to accept the provisions of the Statute of Westminster in full and secure the amendment of the specific limitations on her sovereignty which were inserted without the people of this country being consulted.

The constitution should be subject to amendment only with the approval of a two-third majority vote of the electorate in each province.

We are implacably opposed to all centralization of power as being destructive of democracy. The electorate has the greatest control over that government which is nearest to it. Therefore, instead of increasing the authority of the Federal Government, we favor the progressive decentralization of authority to the provinces and municipalities. "That government is best which needs to govern least" should be an axiom displayed in large neon letters across the Parliament Building.

(31) Question — Should Canada have her own national flag? National anthem?

Answer—With the world in flames and civilization disintegrating in chaos and universal revolution it does not seem very important whether Canada has her own flag and national anthem. That is surely a question on which the people will be able to express their will when we have put our house in order. That such an issue should be raised at a time like this is evidence

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THIS IS MY BABY!
HOW COME, JIM?
I JUST BOUGHT HER!
ARE YOU NUTS?
I FIGURE MY VICTORY BOND IS BUYING SHELLS! SO—I'M GETTING A DOUBLE CRACK AT HITLER!
THERE SHE GOES!
A BOND GOES AWFUL FAST!
SURE DOES! BUT THERE ARE ENOUGH FOLKS BACK HOME BUYING 'EM TOO! WE'LL DO IT TOGETHER!

ARE YOU WITH HIM?

The war may seem nearly over to us here in Canada but to the men over there the difference between nearly and quite may be the difference between life and death. We can't let them down *now!* Let's all buy more and *more* Bonds!

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of political bankruptcy on the part of those responsible.

(32) Question—Do you believe in the principle of equality for all races and creeds in Canada?

Answer—I recognize only one people in Canada—namely Canadians irrespective of their racial origin. When every Canadian has the freedom and the economic security which should be his birthright within our constitutional democracy he will have equality of citizenship rights with all other Canadians so long as he fulfils his responsibilities as a citizen.

(33) Question—In the event of a federal election giving none of the older parties a clear majority and leaving Social Credit in a balance-of-power position would you be willing to enter a coalition with any other party to form a government?

Answer—As I have stated, the Social Credit movement has as its objective to gain for every Canadian freedom within a properly functioning Christian democracy. We have no party political ambitions. We do not seek power. In fact we are out to abolish centralized power—whether of the state finance or big business—and return it to the people, to whom it belongs by right. Therefore we will work with any person or group in Parliament or out of Parliament in furthering that objective. And by the same token we will oppose and expose the policies and actions of any persons or groups which attack the freedom of the individual, democracy, or Christianity. We differ from the political parties in that we are essentially an organization dedicated to getting a job done. We do not care who does it—so long as it is done. If any other organization will tackle the job it will have our enthusiastic support. If they will not then we will carry it out ourselves. One thing we are not prepared to do—we will not compromise on principles.

Children's Theatre

Continued from page 18

Dorothy Goulding who was then Dorothy Massey, her sisters, and her brother Denton spent much of their time playing charades and acting out scenes from storybooks. During school holidays they were joined by cousins—Vincent, now Canadian High Commissioner and Raymond who has since become world famous for his work on the legitimate stage and in films. Mrs. Goulding recalls with amusement the Christmas that Raymond starred in Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks.

In her teens Mrs. Goulding spent much of her time in London and New York and there saw the best there was to see in the theatre, and her love for it grew. Her early marriage—she married at 18 became a mother at 19—put an end to any personal ambition she may have had, and it wasn't until her children—four girls—had passed the baby stage that she was able to resume her hobby. Then she wrote and directed plays in which her own children and small nephews and nieces took part. These were presented at home before an audience of relatives and friends. Lorna Sheard, then directing the Children Players at Hart House saw one of these performances, was filled with admiration and asked Mrs. Goulding to assist with the Hart House productions. Later when Mrs. Sheard left to live in Montreal, Mrs. Goulding was persuaded to take over the direction of the Toronto Children Players.

Apart from a short course in stage direction taken in Vienna Mrs. Goulding has had no special training for the work she is doing. But she has a definite flair for it. Her productions always have a professional smoothness and finish. This she may not regard as a compliment. She has no great opinion of the professional theatre of today. "Too often," she is fond of quoting, "it is nothing but an exploitation of art." It is, it seems, increasingly difficult for real talent to make itself felt. "It is a pity," says Mrs. Goulding, "that a girl's legs and a boy's profile have come to mean more to a casting director than an ability to read lines."

About the Children's Theatre, though, she is enthusiastic. "In drama," she says, "we learn to develop the spirit of co-operation without the competition necessary in games. In a public performance children soon learn that the success of a play depends on everyone who works in it from the child who plays the leading role to the one invisible to the audience who has some cues to remember backstage."

Children gain in many other ways from taking part in plays. "The shy child," says Mrs. Goulding, "is able to forget himself while being another person, the forward child must tone down and fit in with the rest of the group. And"—with a twinkle in her eye—"I find that in a play boys and girls work together without any of that sense of inferiority on the part of girls and superiority on the part of boys which is almost always present in games."

A mother herself, an astonishingly youthful one—in appearance far more like a sister to her four grown daughters—Dorothy Goulding has a deep understanding of children. Quick to spot insincerity and resent it, children readily respond to Mrs. Goulding's very evident sincerity and honesty. She never attempts to "win" them and she never talks down to them. All are treated as intelligent equals. A gay camaraderie exists between them. At a class when the children have been told to express fright Jimmie enquires, "Are we to be terrified or horrified Mrs. Goulding?" "Oh Jimmie," cries Mrs. Goulding, "don't be so beastly technical!"

Sure-fire Success

Dorothy Goulding follows no particular method or technique in directing. "I'm always experimenting," she says. "I never start two plays in the same manner." She always has a sure-fire success and never yet have the reserve funds had occasion to be drawn upon. The Toronto Children Players are self-supporting. The reason for their long life is that their plays are a labor of love. They have never been commercialized, and most of the work is voluntary. The price for tickets was set originally at 25c and has never been changed. This was as low a price as could be charged in order that the performances could pay for themselves. This they have always managed to do. Enough funds are kept in reserve to stage one show, and a second should the first one prove a catastrophe. There is little danger of this though, as long as Dorothy Goulding is at the helm. There are enthusiastic youngsters to provide players and audience, and kindergarten teachers to attend to the distribution of tickets.

For publicizing the Children Players through the schools Mrs. Goulding gives all credit to members of the Kindergarten Association. "They have done magnificent work," she says, "and receive no honor and glory." Their only reward is the sight of quarters clutched tight in chubby sometimes grubby little hands. Quarters that are often the result of sacrifice and self denial on the part of the youngsters, who forfeit candies and other treats in order to attend the Toronto Children Players shows. Miss Margaret Williams, cousin of Alexander Knox, the noted Canadian actor who has created the part of Wilson in the movie of that name, is this year's Promotion Committee chairman. Under her are nine captains, who superintend the sale of tickets throughout the schools.

Birth of an Idea

The story of the Toronto Children Players begins with Noreen Dorran. Fourteen years ago Miss Dorran, a kindergarten teacher, had the urge to start a children's theatre that would provide entertainment for youngsters on their one holiday in the week—Saturday. She felt strongly that children need a means of mental recreation. The Nazis she points out, in their youth program concentrated solely on sports and physical fitness. All forms of mental recreation were cut out, and . . . well just look at them! She confided her idea of the children's theatre to her friend Mona Coxwell. Miss Coxwell took it up with Edgar Stone and Lorna Sheard at Hart House. The idea was put into effect and became an instant success. In two years the Toronto Children Players had outgrown their home at Hart House and moved to the Margaret Eaton Theatre. In 1942 they moved to the Eaton Auditorium where they play to capacity crowds. Demand for tickets always exceeds the supply.

Like the audience the players are made up of children drawn from schools all over Toronto and Greater Toronto. Rich and poor alike receive the same treatment. There is no star system. A child may play Prince Charming in one show in the next—the hind quarters of a horse. Years ago a little girl once remarked to young Susan Goulding, "It must be great your mother being the director. You'll all get lots of good parts."

"Yes," replied Susan, "if mother needs the back legs of a bear or the front part of a giraffe you may be sure she'll call on one of us."

Children who are interested in becoming players get in touch with the director and are given an interview. The interview takes the form of an audition. It is at auditions that Mrs. Goulding displays a remarkable faculty for remembering names. A dozen or more children may attend, all hitherto unknown. As each child enters Mrs. Goulding greets him—or her—and asks his—or her—name. From then on the children are addressed by their correct names. There is no "You—the little girl with the curls . . ." or "That boy with the red tie . . ." It is "Margaret," or "Bobby." "Betty, you try next," and "Billy, do you think that you could do that?" This immediately puts the children at their ease and they spring to attention as their names are called, eager to take part.

The first exercises are simple. "Just walk across the room," says Mrs. Goulding, "sit in that chair, then get up and walk to the other side." The children obediently, perhaps a little wonderingly, do this. "Now," says Mrs. Goulding, "I want you to do that as though you were either terribly sad or very happy—you may decide which."

One child will skip across, sit for a moment, then skip out again. Another will walk with lagging feet and an appearance of dejection. "Very good," Mrs. Goulding will tell these two. But at the third, "No, Jimmie, that isn't

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TOMORROW...

If you ever war worker and can prove your need you can secure a Westclox America today. But, because most of our facilities are devoted to war work, the return of Big Ben and his family along with other Westclox models must await Victory.

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"I knit for Overseas and 'tend to my own knitting too"

1. All my neighbors are taking to doing extra knitting for our men overseas. The need is so great, I was glad to have the new Knitting Club meet at my house. But imagine how I felt on hearing two of the early-comers saying I spoiled my baby.

2. "And even a special laxative for the child!" they said. "How can such a capable woman be so fussy?" So before the rest of our Club arrived I wanted to put them straight.

3. "That's not fussing," I said. "My doctor says babies' delicate systems need special care. And that's why I insist on special things for my baby . . .

4. ". . . and certainly a special laxative . . . Castoria," I went on. "Made *especially* for children, it's gentle and effective. Children like it." Then I proved my point.

5. The baby needed a laxative, so of course I gave her Castoria. The way she took it . . . *and loved it* . . . made those knitters agree I knew more than how to run a knitting Club.

As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

good. You were sad with your head but not with your back or arms or feet. That wasn't at all convincing. Try again."

Mrs. Goulding is a firm believer in the art of pantomime and all the children are first taught to do things in mime. They must learn to portray all emotions with the body and not rely entirely upon words.

Eye exercises follow the walking and sitting. Each child stands perfectly still and looks up, down, right, left without moving any part of the body. Then the head is allowed to turn. "Watch an imaginary person," they are told, "come in at the right, walk across and pass in front of you, and go out at the left."

When they have done this successfully each child is permitted to do the same exercise as a "character." The character must be of their own choice. One bright-faced 13-year-old girl slumps, her shoulders droop, her eyes show fear, she is abject and cowed. With dread she watches the imaginary figure approach. As it passes where she stands her hand is raised tremblingly in the Nazi salute. Not a word is spoken, but here is drama and a piece tingle a little. "Children love tragedy," says Mrs. Goulding, "and will more often than not choose sad parts."

Back Acting

One belief of the amateur actor that annoys Mrs. Goulding is "never turn your back on the audience." It is utterly absurd, she exclaims. "There are times when we must turn our backs. We can't all go about the stage as though we were everlastingly backing out from the presence of royalty. Backs can often be really eloquent." And to prove her point, "Bobby," she'll call to one of her boys, "do something, anything at all, with your back."

Bobby flops into a small folding chair, with his back to the audience. His shoulders sag, his head droops, and soon nods. Weariness and fatigue are written in every part of him. Then suddenly he raises his head, he listens, his shoulders stiffen, he sits tense and alert, then springs up and rushes off in answer to some imaginary call.

After this demonstration no one could help but be convinced that backs are quite important.

Mrs. Goulding believes that children should not be shown how to act, or taught to imitate another's acting. She has never acted herself and this, perhaps, is one of her greatest assets as a director. She explains and analyzes the parts to the children and has the ability to inspire them so that they can work things out for themselves. Under her guidance there is no fear of their ever becoming mere puppets. Children who have come under the influence of her training always give a finished performance. In dramatic groups throughout the city it is quite common to hear, "Yes, he's good. He's one of Mrs. Goulding's boys, you know," as though that explains it all, and "Oh, excellent. She's one of Mrs. Goulding's girls," until the uninitiated might think that Dorothy Goulding had a family comparable in size to the lady who took up residence in a shoe.

Too frequent rehearsals for the very young are not wise, Mrs. Goulding says. When things cease to become a game the children grow stale and lack spontaneity. For a recent production of "The Duckling Sisters," in which there were several six-year-olds, Mrs. Goulding called but three rehearsals. And the play went off without a hitch—no cues missed, no lines fumbled—and was enjoyed alike by players and audience.

The Auditorium staff marvel at the effects Mrs. Goulding achieves with a minimum of scenery and props and the use of clever lighting. Much of the scenery and many of the props she makes herself. She is carpenter, painter and upholsterer all rolled into one. She sticks at nothing. Under the gentle manner and soft voice lurks an iron will. If Mrs. Goulding makes up her mind to do a thing you may rest assured it will be done.

Her daughters have all inherited something of their mother's talent. Dorothy Jane, the youngest and only unmarried one—the others have all followed their mother's example and married young—is her mother's right-hand man. Not only has she written several of the plays produced but has also directed them. She is now writing and producing her own radio show of dramatized fairy stories, which is heard every Saturday from 12 to 12.30 over CJBC.

Summer Plays

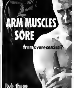
It is Dorothy Jane, or Dorf, as she is familiarly called by the children, who helps with her mother's summer work. Three times a week during school holidays Mrs. Goulding invites groups of children to her home in Deatonia Park. There in the beautiful grounds they play charades, do rhythmic exercises, learn the art of make-up and scene painting. Sometimes they'll divide into two groups. Each group in the morning will make up a play. The afternoon will be spent in learning parts and improvising costumes. In the evening they will present their plays for each other. Play acting, Mrs. Goulding believes, is good for children and under proper direction has great educational value. Some people argue that acting encourages exhibitionism in children. Mrs. Goulding disagrees. "Any project like a play," she declares, "which is dependent for success on the co-operative effort of several people, and consequently impossible for one person to do alone, can scarcely foster individualist exhibitionism."

For mothers anxious to push their children into the limelight, so that they may make a name for themselves and later commercialize their talents, Mrs. Goulding has nothing but scorn. She is not doing this work to promote precocious child actors, she is doing it because of her deep love for children and her desire to bring more beauty into their lives. The spirit of comradeship and co-operation is what she prefers to foster. This is apparent in the attitude of all the children associated with her. There are no show-offs. They all work together for the good of the cause and thoroughly enjoy doing so. Nowhere could there be less nervous tension than at one of the Toronto Children Players' productions. There are no signs of petty jealousies, no young prima donna temperaments, a general feeling of fun rules backstage.

As the children become too old to take part in the plays, they help with make-up and props and make themselves generally useful. So well do they do the job, and so well are the children trained, that at the last show both Mrs. Goulding and Dorf were able to witness the entire performance from the front.

Not only do all the Toronto school children who can afford to pay 25c for tickets enjoy the plays, but at Christmas a free show is given to children from orphanages and charitable institutions. Last Christmas more than 1,000 children attended this special show, many of them coming by special cars from the Loyal True Blue and Orange Orphanage home at Richmond Hill.

The Toronto Children Players have a record in which not only Toronto but Canada as a whole should take pride. There is nothing to equal it on the entire North American continent. Even Hollywood has written requesting information regarding its organization and direction preparatory to starting a similar movement there. And when Toronto can tell Hollywood how to do things, that, you must admit, is something!



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A Good Place To Come Home To

Continued from page 13

group representing roughly half the payroll. Jobs today are filled in part by out-of-town veterans and by men found unfit for military service, worthy men entitled to retain their jobs. These and other complications demand careful study and planning.

There's the universal problem of how, in one flip, to make an office boy an executive. Local lads, who once rated the paper mill equivalent of office boys, after five years of war not only are mature men but men of the world. Scores who volunteered as Army bucks or Air Force joes will return with commissions, with wives and families. To offer them the old job would be a grim joke. For them to fill a better one would require new training.

Some men already have new training, fine technical skills or trades acquired in the forces, and are hoping to fit in higher up. Others, whose old ordinary jobs are available, may since have blossomed as leaders, keen and capable organizers of men. Some will want a university education rather than employment.

Powell River figures the boys are entitled to considerable. Officials have gone to much trouble and expense to keep detailed track of their doings, their triumphs and their hard knocks. To stay hep with 1,000 mailing addresses in an ever-changing world scene is a chore. And there's a remote control yell if someone misses his copy, for here is one monthly letter that is not dull. It carries rapid-fire news of the troops, enlistments, promotions, marriages, and letter excerpts from abroad. There's the kind of home town chat the boys want to hear, all about hunting, fishing, sports, elections, or briefies such as the one on the Annual Paper Makers Ball with the cheery tag line: "Everybody toted their own and nobody touched the punch."

Reunion in London

A general company policy of having the right man in the right place accounts for the breezy letter. Jock Laudie, its editor, peacetime director of sports and welfare, knows what the boys want. He learned by crashing World War I as a kid of 16. He is helped by other veterans. The news letter has brought about scores of impromptu reunions. Three boys in India, each ignorant of the others being there, got their copy. Two months later a hilarious epistle arrived back home, composed during their three-some conquest of Calcutta.

The reunion idea grew. In June, 1942, arrangements were made through the company's overseas liaison officer for a general rally. All employees in the United Kingdom got a special air-mail letter with time, date and place. So did commanding officers,

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JIM: Gosh, Sue, how do you clean a sink *so fast?*

SUE: It's simple! My cleanser never leaves any dirt-catching scratches!

Wise women don't take chances with harsh, gritty cleansers. They know that Bon Ami is speedy because it doesn't leave those tiny scratches that dull porcelain—make you scrub harder to dig out dirt. Instead, Bon Ami *polishes as it cleans*—leaves a smooth-as-satin surface that's easy to keep clean. And—because it's free from grit and harsh alkalis—Bon Ami never roughens pretty hands. For time's sake and beauty's sake—stick to Bon Ami!

P.S. Bon Ami *Powder* is a favorite for sinks, bathtubs, general cleaning. Bon Ami *Cake* for windows, mirrors, windshields.

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FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE

requesting co-operation in granting leaves. More than 100 Powell River service guys and gals startled London by parading through its streets to the Beaver Club, bearing the home town banner.

There was a day! One airman was late. His Beaufighter had been flakked over France and dunked in the Channel. With his gunner, after a long swim, he was picked up by a freighter and landed in hospital, tagged "exposure." It took a fast recovery, fast talk and fast travel, but he made the show.

At the January, 1944 reunion get-together, the paper people cooked up a morale booster not only for their employees abroad but for the home crowd. When a proposed three-way radio broadcast England-Italy-Powell River, flivvered because of security reasons, a more personal idea was rung in. A sound film was made of the reunion so that sons and daughters overseas could send a personal sight, song, and say greeting to the folks back home.

The idea was a roaring success. The film was flown from London, England, to a small Canadian paper town that its citizens wouldn't have traded right then for any town in the world. To prevent overflow crowds and disappointment invitations were issued for different showings and local theatres were packed. Later the film was viewed in Vancouver by 700 former paper town residents. At Powell River there was one sad private showing held for the mother and family of a boy killed shortly after the reunion.

Powell River's fighting men of this war have received inspiration from those of the last. The most famous is a Victoria Cross winner once in the ranks, today Lieut.-Col. John MacGregor, V.C., M.C. and bar, D.C.M., in command of a western Canadian regiment. In peacetime he works on the millwrights' staff. His son has completed at least one tour of 30 sorties over Germany, been wounded once, and won his commission. Land, sea and air, the town boasts plenty of ribbons for this show. Decorations and mentions in dispatches are piling up.

Postwar Plans

The kids have one thing on their veteran dads. They have something definite to come home to. The special letter was designed to let them know that. It outlines many phases of postwar plans, and promises co-operation in every way with Canada's official rehabilitation scheme. In drawing up the plan the Powell River Company asked the advice of many veterans, both of last war and this, including the district's Ottawa member, Flt. Lieut. James Sinclair.

The boys are reminded that the men who may now hold their jobs have backed the fighting front with heavy production of war materials; that they have more than rung the gong on every Victory Loan and Red Cross drive. The reminder states, "In addition to fulfillment of our responsibility to you, we will therefore endeavor to handle the readjustment and relocation in a manner which will be most helpful to you, the community and the country at large."

Plans are announced for plant expansion, involving the expenditure of several million dollars, that will provide many immediate jobs and a wide variety of employment later. "We hope some of you may help us build the new plant extensions before you go to work in them." Disabled veterans and their future are discussed, trade school and university training for those who want it and a scheme for placing men not necessarily in their old jobs but in jobs where new training and talents can be best used."

A full-time personnel counsellor—a local man with service in World War II and a specialized training in job placement—will handle all returned men. An advisory committee representing all phases of community activity will assist him.

Those who prefer a business life to a company job will receive help. Students hoping to use the Government educational plan are assured, "We want to see you get ahead and will help with summer employment when we can."

Men returning from a war, many of them newly married, have problems other than landing a suitable job. Where will they live? At what cost? With what security?

Powell River has the answers. A five-roomed house including water, light and garbage collection service rents to an employee at $28 a month. A new subdivision is planned. Assurance of a good home and job, with the usual group and unemployment insurance, sick benefits, modern hospitalization, library, recreational and educational facilities, make a nice postwar dream picture for fellows like the skipper.

Yet it's no dream, and they're assured of modern permanency. The mill is being enlarged. Wood for pulp and paper is brought by sea. Anywhere for hundreds of miles up or down the west coast is a potential supply area.

Officials who have pushed the homecoming plan know firsthand about switching from military to civilian life. Harold Foley, president of the Powell River Company, was in the U.S. artillery. Robin Bell-Irving, vice-president, was four years in the last war with the Royal Engineers and the R.F.C. They are backed throughout the organization by ex-warriors who know men, especially returned men. They know from experience that men getting home want no hero's halo, that they don't want sympathy, or paternalism or patronage.

The special letter to the boys offers the right homey kind of help, and in a final paragraph the Powell River people are proud to admit why.

"Why are we doing this? First in gratitude for what you have done for us. You volunteered to fight for the security of Canada—we feel it is our duty to help provide security for you in return. Our second reason is a purely selfish one. We think Powell River is a good community now, but we want to make it still better and we can think of no finer group of citizens to settle in our town than you who have fought for it."

Something new for Lazy Lou...

Languid! Limp! Lonesome! That's the way Lazy Lou used to be. But she's a changed girl now! She's learned that the way to put *life* into *living* is to watch what you wear on your feet. She's wearing Blachford Shoes.

Scientifically lasted for foot comfort—*distinctively* styled for smartness

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London Letter

Continued from page 13

against our dashing Prince Rupert—Anthony Eden? Surely the mere asking of the question is enough to send the Toms back to their tents, leaving word to be called when the battle begins.

Unhappily the situation is not as simple as that. Churchill's popularity is immense, but is the enthusiasm of the people for him as warrior or statesman? Also he is 70 years of age. Does the nation believe that after his exhausting labors he will be able to put aside his armor and as a politician, carry the awful burden of reconstruction through the difficult postwar years?

In appraising the all-important equation of Churchill's popularity it must be remembered that international co-operation is recognized as the one hope of averting a third world war, and nothing can take from him his place as one of the Three Men of Destiny. Also he will ask to be sent to the peace conference table with the support of the nation behind him—an appeal which will strike deep in many hearts.

There is no question but that Churchill and Eden overshadow the Socialist leaders to such an extent that a Tory victory would seem certain. If we held an election for a Prime Minister on the same basis as for a president in the U.S.A. nothing could prevent Churchill being returned for another term with Eden as vice-president.

Fortunately or unfortunately (it is a matter of outlook) Churchill is leader of the Tory Party and although innocent of any of the mud of Munich or the reproach of insufficient armaments, he is tied to the Party which was in power during the years of bewilderment. A vote for Churchill is in effect a vote for the men of Munich, a vote for Churchill is a vote for the old gang, a vote for Churchill (the Socialists will say) is a vote for the world that was, and not for the world to be.

Tide Is Toward Left

Tides by their nature must ebb as well as flow but the tide just now is running heavily against the Tories. Whether Churchill can outdo Canute is a secret hidden in the mists. Sometimes the waves lose their intensity and seem about to subside, then with a roar and rush of foam one sweeps farther on than any before and the sands are dark and wet.

If these were normal times the defeat of the Conservatives might be a good thing, not only for the nation, but for the Party itself. The aftermath of the election would rid us of some old favorites who have earned their place in Valhalla, while a term in opposition would give to the young and ardent a chance to prove their swordsmanship. If prolonged opposition dulls the spirit so does too long a period of office blunt the fine edge of inspiration and enterprise.

But this coming election goes far deeper than the mere ejection of one Party from office and its replacement by another. The issue to be decided is nothing less than the economic life of the nation—whether it shall revert to private enterprise or pass over to state control. It is true that the Tories admit the necessity of state participation, state guidance and even state partnership, and it is equally true that the Socialists contend that they will blend state control with the best features of private enterprise—but these soft, reasonable words mean almost nothing. Forces are being conjured into being that men will not be able to control. The issue is stark clear—*the state or the individual.*

"The people are weary of being controlled," say the Tories. "Civilians and soldiers alike will demand liberty, not slavery, as the reward for their sacrifices."

"The people will never go back to booms and slumps and unemployment," say the Socialists. "They will not tolerate the exploitation of the workers by capitalists or the senseless competition which preserves profits while reducing wages. The age of the common man is waiting to be born."

"The nation will emerge impoverished from the war," say the Tories. "Every one must work as never before and we must find new markets."

"There is plenty of money for war," the Socialists reply, "and there must be plenty of money for peace. Full employment, ample leisure, security from the cradle to the grave—that is the right of everyone."

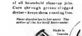
So much for the ideological side of it and no one will deny that, emotionally, the Socialist case makes the more

I HATE TO CLEAN TOILETS!

You don't have to, lady—that's a job for Gillett's Lye. All you have to do is shake in Gillett's Lye full strength . . . flush . . . the job's done! Ugly stains, their odors vanish—bowl is gleaming—clean and odorless. It's easy as that!

Gillett's Lye makes short work of all household clean-up jobs. Cuts through grease-clogged drains—keeps them running free.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats water.



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For a well adjusted married life every married woman must know the answer to true antiseptic cleanliness. Rendells will solve your problem. Made from a famous prescription, in dainty white suppository form. Rendells medicate thoroughly, kill germs on contact, yet will not harm the most delicate tissue.

Your druggist has Rendells in boxes of 12—each foil-wrapped, or send for Nurse Drew's free booklet explaining (things so clearly.)

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☐ Please send me copy of the Free Booklet "Personal Hygiene"
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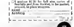

RENDELL'S

Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—
☐ A good skate
☐ A pretty Kitty
☐ Queen of the Ice Follies

You're on thin ice, complexion wise, without a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty get that out-of-doors glow. It makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and *comfortable* with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex *stays soft while wearing*. You can get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Would you say this character was—
☐ Slightly balmy
☐ Learning sign language
☐ Getting glamour-hands

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So too on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For tearless tweezing, should you—
☐ Soften brows with hot water
☐ Spread skin taut
☐ Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows—weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, only Kotex comes in *three sizes—for different women, different days*. There's Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special *4-ply safety center* that gives you *extra protection*.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

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That in France the iron hoops on kegs of buried brandy frequently registered on the magnetic mine detectors of the Allied soldiers.

AND — That the continued purchase of War Savings Certificates are an investment for your future.

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G-78

popular appeal. The slogan of hard work falls harshly on the ears of a people exhausted by war even if their reason tells them that it must be. The lullaby of social security is sweet music by comparison.

But that, I repeat, is only the ideological side. We must now turn to the flame throwers, the shock troops, who for five years have conducted a ceaseless attack against the entrenched forces of Conservatism. The general in command is Victor Gollancz, the publisher, and his minions include such clever and fiery writers as Aneurin Bevan, Frank Owen, Michael Foot, Tom Wintringham and Peter Howard. The output of yellow-covered books has been prolific and incessant. The titles do not matter much whether they be "Guilty Men," "The Trial of Mussolini," "Brendan and Beverley," "Why Trust the Tories?" or "Your M.P." One and all they constitute a diatribe against the Tory Party, blaming it for the ills and sins not only of Britain but the whole world. The bones of Neville Chamberlain are taken from their grave and paraded for the ridicule of the mob. Those of us who supported him are pilloried, ridiculed, denounced and damned.

The Tories have made the mistake of never hitting back. It is not virtue on their part but sheer laziness and complacency. The British are only human and when charges are unanswered the assumption of guilt is inevitable. Many of my Conservative colleagues take a view contrary to mine but I believe Gollancz has done us great damage.

Then how shall we sum up the electoral prospects?

Unless the enthusiasm of victory clothes Churchill in a new mantle of shining glory the Tories will probably lose a minimum of a hundred seats. If the losses were no greater this would mean the creation of another coalition government, since neither the Tories nor the Socialists would have a clear majority, and both parties would decline to form a government without it.

On the other hand it is not impossible that the Tory decline will develop into a rout and that the Socialists will emerge as clear victors for the first time in their history and thus be able to form a government dependent on no other support than their own followers.

I venture it as my opinion that the Sinclairite Liberals will poll a greatly increased total of votes without adding much to their parliamentary representation. They, supporting the Socialists, should be pretty well cancelled out by the National Liberals who will back the Tories. Nor will the Communists, Commonwealthers or Independents matter this time.

My reason tells me that there will be a Tory debacle; my instinct urges me to remember that the Socialists are hopeless tacticians and may blunder at the eleventh hour. On balance then it looks like the loss of a hundred Conservative seats and the formation of another coalition. If that happens it will be the end of the Socialist Party as we know it today and the emergence of a new Left Wing formation altogether.

All this, however, we must discuss at a later date.

Camera Commandos

Continued from page 14

point in no man's land in anticipation of a clash.

Unlike a writing war correspondent, who can get a more rounded story and more pertinent detail by viewing the battle from a comparatively safe distance and interviewing the troops when the peak of fighting has passed, photographers must be on the spot to get action pictures—on the spot both in the literal and colloquial meanings of the term. Realizing this well in advance of active operations the Canadian Army decided that the pictorial record of our fighting troops should be made by soldiers, not by civilians. Professional newspaper photographers were recruited into the Army and trained like any other combat troops. Soldiers already in the Army who showed an aptitude for photography were given special courses in Britain's famed Army school of photography at Pinewood Studios and transferred to the Film and Photo Unit.

Thus a highly skilled unit of soldier photographers was ready to accompany Dominion troops into battle. These men carry arms as well as cameras; they can shoot with a lens or a Piat; they can lead a section of infantry in battle—if the need should arise.

The need has arisen on many occasions. A classic example is that of Sgt. David Reynolds, Toronto, who dropped into Normandy with the 1st Canadian Parachute Regiment the night before D Day. In preparation for his assignment Reynolds went through a full course as a paratrooper, including the requisite number of parachute jumps. When he floated to earth, east of the Orne River, he had strapped to his body still and movie cameras as well as a full complement of combat weapons. He was the first cameraman to land on French soil.

Reynolds dropped wide of his rendezvous area and came down in a deserted stretch of land, losing his movie camera during the descent. After wandering in the dark for more than an hour he joined a small unit of British paratroops making for a cluster of houses. The British officer in charge, having lost his own sergeant, assigned Reynolds to lead a section into the first house. As he pushed open the door Reynolds spotted a German officer in the hall. The Nazi went down under a burst from the photographer's Sten gun. Other paratroops whom Reynolds had assigned to approach the house from the rear killed two more Germans. Having fulfilled his fighting mission, Reynolds was released to apply himself to taking still pictures. After a few shots he made his way through enemy-held territory to the beach and sent his film to London.

During the month-long battle for Caen our Army photographers lived with forward units. When that city was finally cleared as far as the Orne River, CFPU men began work on a documentary feature, the script of which had been prepared in advance. Major John McDougall, Montreal, officer commanding the unit, wrote the script and directed the shooting. He recorded in his diary:

Front-line Film

"To the best of my knowledge 'City' is the first film to be shot from a prepared script on an active battlefield. For the past two days I've had my little crew working in Caen and it's rather unpleasant. Jerry is on the other side of the river a few hundred yards away, and he's dropping plenty of mortar stuff into the town. This naturally doesn't make for pleasant picturemaking."

The product of this dangerous task was, "You Can't Kill a City," which was shown in theatres all over America

FRIENDSHIP GROWS ON FERTILE GROUND

THE friendship between the British Commonwealth and the United States began generations ago, when courageous pioneers from England first tilled the soil of the New World. This friendship has endured through the years.

Today England and America must remain together for the benefit of world security. Bound by close ties to the historic soil of both nations, we of Canada can help in many ways the growth of this great partnership. Long the friend of both, we can interpret one to the other, foster the mutual understanding that is deep-rooted in the past.

We as individuals . . . and as a nation . . . are proud of our privilege to further the comradeship between John Bull and Uncle Sam.

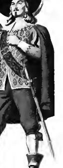
Calvert
Distillers (Canada) Limited
AMHERSTBURG, ONTARIO

300 years ago Calvert said: .
"I came to sowe . . . to build"

FAR back in the 17th Century, Calvert, a famous statesman and Secretary of State to King James I, was one of the earliest pioneers to plant a seed of friendship between the Old World and the New.

In 1622 Calvert founded a colony in Newfoundland and, a few years later, a colony in Maryland. In a letter to his King he wrote, "I came to build, to sett, to sowe . . .". The seeds of friendship between Britain and the United States, sown by Calvert over 300 years ago, have grown and flourished through the ages.

This mutual understanding, fostered three centuries ago by Calvert, thrives mightily today in the combined operations of Britain, America and Canada on the war fronts and at home. That great partnership must and shall endure in the peace that lies ahead.



Here's a SENSIBLE way to relieve distress of 'periodic' FEMALE WEAKNESS

with its nervous tension weak, tired cranky feelings

● Have you at such times noticed yourself feeling nervous, "dragged out," irritable, a bit blue—due to functional periodic disturbances?

Then don't delay, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is one of the most effective medicines for this purpose.

Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a *uterine sedative* because it has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

Pinkham's Compound is made from wholesome roots and herbs (plus Vitamin B_1). Here's a medicine that HELPS NATURE. Just see if you're not delighted with results! Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Smiling Face Instead of Snappy Temper

From waking up in the morning heavy-headed and sour, this woman has experienced a "very happy" change. In her letter she tells how this came about:—

"I am writing to let you know of the very happy difference the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen has made to my life. I used to wake each morning heavy-headed and sour, and the least thing would put me in a snappy temper. At last I thought I would give Kruschen a trial. Within a week there was a marked difference and I became more optimistic. That was a month ago, and now I get up in the morning as fresh as a daisy. The home front needs smiling faces, and now, thanks to that 'little daily dose' nothing seems too much trouble."

—(Mrs.) L. W. Lock

Kruschen Salts, taken as directed, helps the self-regulation of the system and helps cleanse the blood-stream of impurities. As a result you get relief from constipation and liverishness. And with improved bodily health comes an uplifting sensation of optimism and cheerfulness—that "Kruschen feeling." Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Drug Stores, 25c and 75c.

POLISH FURNITURE TO STARTLING BEAUTY!

OH GLOOM!
OH JOY!

Scratches Disappear!

Use double-action Old English Scratch Cover Polish regularly on all your precious pieces. They'll shine and glisten like new. Even ugly scratches will vanish as you polish.

Old English Scratch Cover POLISH 25¢

Made by the Makers of Old English Wax

and Britain. Film critics highly impressed with the film, can scarcely believe it was photographed under enemy fire. Capt. Michael Spencer, Ottawa, was co-director and Sgt. Al Greyston did most of the cinematography.

A CFPU photographer was one of the first Allied soldiers to enter Falaise. A few days later, when the battle of the gap was at its most furious, five Army photographers, under Lieut. Don Grant, went forward in a Bren gun carrier to take action pictures of a machine gun exchange at close quarters. Four of the men were wounded—all except Lieut. Grant. Though pinned down for five hours by enemy fire Grant managed to arrange the evacuation of his wounded. This was one of the exploits which won for him the Military Cross.

The job of taking pictures has cost No. 2 Canadian Film and Photo Unit three killed and eight wounded. Pte. Len Currie, Springhill, N.S., a driver, was killed by mortar fire during the bloody battle for Carpiquet airfield. Sgt. Jimmy Campbell, Hollywood, was killed by mortar fire at Fleury-sur-Orne on July 20 as his movie camera was turning. Lieut. George Cooper, standing a few feet from him, removed Campbell's film, sent it to England, then returned to bury the sergeant.

During the assault on Walcheren Island, most furiously defended point on the Scheldt estuary, Sgt. Lloyd Millen, Winnipeg, set up his camera on an assault craft carrying the first wave of infantry. The craft suffered a direct hit as it approached the Island. There were no survivors.

Other photographers have had hair-raising escapes. Lieut. Cooper, Ottawa, roved his jeep into Fleury-sur-Orne one day last July seeking the headquarters of a Canadian infantry battalion. He found, to his intense discomfort, that the town was occupied by Nazis. Apparently the scheduled Canadian attack had not yet been mounted. Before Cooper and his assistant, Sgt. Len Thompson, Regina, could turn their jeep around, eight Germans rushed out of a home, waving their arms in surrender. Half puzzled, half delighted, Cooper took them into custody. As he was marching them out of Fleury all hell broke loose. Canadian artillery opened a barrage preparatory to assaulting the town. Cooper, Thompson and two of their prisoners flung themselves into the cellar of a farmhouse; the other six scrambled away in the confusion. The owner of the house, a French farmer, was also in the cellar and produced several bottles of beer which were shared by Canadians and prisoners alike. They emerged when a Canadian battalion stormed into the town. Cooper, who is now in Canada, will not soon forget the artillery fire. "It was a dickens of a pasting," he said on his return to our camp, "worse than any Jerry barrage I've ever been under."

The Canadian Film and Photo Unit was organized in September, 1941, under direction of Col. William G. Abel, overseas director of Army Public Relations Services. Lieut. (now Major) McDougall along with a staff of two comprised the unit. Today No. 2 CFPU operating in western Europe (No. 1 operates with the First Canadian Corps in the Mediterranean) has a total strength of 63 in the field. At the London headquarters there is a huge staff of darkroom workers, cutters, editors, writers, commentators and clerks. These people prepare newly arrived film into newsreel clips which are distributed free to all commercial companies through Canada's National Film Board. Theatrical shorts like

"You Can't Kill a City" are released on a commercial basis through distributing agencies. Two other functions of CFPU are the making of technical films and the production of a Canadian Army newsreel made especially for showing to Canadian troops in the line.

War Recorded in Film

Probably the most important work of the unit is its contribution to the permanent record of this war. Every foot of original negative shot by the men at the front is deposited in Government vaults in Ottawa where it will be available for war historians and film editors charged with patching together the picture story of Canada's fighting effort.

When the war ends, most of the Canadian Army's still photographers will probably drift back to their original newspaper offices. Also returning to Canada will be about 30 young men who have proved themselves among the world's top movie cameramen. Men who started the war as combat troops, drivers and clerks. They will not be satisfied to go back to their humdrum jobs; they are married to a movie camera. In this circumstance lies promise for a movie industry in Canada.

Meanwhile the war pushes into Germany and Canadian Army cameramen go forward with the troops. This afternoon I saw an infantry battalion edging through a wood in Germany preparatory to storming a fortified town. A movie cameraman moved with the troops. Suddenly a series of eerie whistles sounded through the trees and German mortar fire spattered the area. Like the trained troops they are, the Canadians became invisible within 30 seconds. Every ditch, mound and cluster of trees had its complement of troops. Mortar shells kept falling with sickening persistence. The area which had hummed with activity now appeared lifeless as a South American jungle—except for the glint of sun upon a lens. The cameraman had his head above ground and was filming the explosions.

On arrival at the main press camp late this evening I mentioned the incident to Major McDougall. "Must your men," I asked, "go forward at the head of the leading infantry?"

"Sure," he replied, "we can't take any chances. The Russians willing, a Canadian cameraman has got to be first into Berlin. He won't make it hanging around the back areas."

IT'S A YALE!

● When peace comes you'll want quiet too. Silence doors that slam with Yale Door Closers. Choose from the wide range of models built by Yale master craftsmen. Available VERY SOON—after Victory.

YALE made · YALE marked

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, St. Catharines, Ontario

Juke-Box Biz

Continued from page 7

dignified law lords had some trouble with it and counsel had to explain at great length that it was American slang, but Lord Russell, who writes the judgment of the court, very carefully abstains from using it. The name is now so generally applied that it has turned up in Webster's Dictionary. Samuel Rogers, K.C., who fought the appeal to the Privy Council successfully, reported that the attempts of the learned justices to trace down the term made an amusing interlude to the involved argument.

Boom In Records

The juke box has proved a boon to the record selling trade and, with the Petrillo ban on the making of recordings lifted, a tremendous boom in record sales is expected. Records in the machines are changed once a week, usually three or four new ones being added and it is estimated that the dealers buy over 2,000,000 "waxings" a year in Canada, with the amount increasing steadily. The records do not immediately go out of circulation when withdrawn from the machine. They turn up in piles at the dealers, where they are advertised as "slightly used" and sell for 20 and 30 cents each.

Bing Crosby, becoming a legendary figure in the entertainment world in his own lifetime, is The King of the Juke Boxes. He's so far out in front with record sales that the rest hardly are within hailing distance. The dealers, the café people (not to be confused with café society) know his every bang-oopa-doop. In Canada Frankie "Swoonatra" is well down the list of best sellers.

The Andrew Sisters whose rendition of a song about rum and a soft drink, banned from the air waves, have made the same song (don't tell them up at the studios!) the top record in the juke boxes. The three singing ladies are leaders of the second flight in total sales with the leading "name" dance bands in the same category. "Don't Fence Me In," as waxed by Bing and the Andrews Sisters, the same combination with "Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive," "A Little on the Lonely Side" with Frankie Carle of the tinkling piano and "There Goes That Song Again" by Russ Morgan, are among the most popular items now making the nickels pop from the pockets of the high-school crowd.

The phonographs are manufactured in the United States, and, with practically 100% customs duty now imposed, there are no new ones being brought into the country. Now, they net the dealers $475 to $500. But cabinets are remodelled here by some firms, and, as you might guess from some of the garish color combinations, the operators themselves like to splash on the paint. A good part of the cabinet itself is transparent plastic material which is sprayed with paint and illuminates as the lights flash on inside the machine.

In the early days of the juke box they were usually somewhere in the back. But as their money-making potentialities were realized they were brought out front, given their Joseph's coat of many colors, and put in the most prominent place. A really flashy job of remodelling will cost up to $300 and because of the shortage of machines sometimes two or three old ones are dismantled to obtain the parts for one workable and rentable model.

Artistically they may be like something out of a Salvador Dali nightmare but mechanically the juke box does everything but sit up and beg. There are up to 24 "selections," the record people say, on each machine. Any music lover can have them played in rotation if the required coins are placed in the machine whose ancestry dates back to around 1929 when the first coin-operated phonograph was produced by the Capehart Company in the United States—a shy damsel beside the lurid streetwalker of today.

There are no hit-or-miss methods of collection. The dealers, who own the machines, send out two men on collection days. One changes some of the records, the other gets out his key, brings out the coin filled pan and makes the usual division of the swag with the restaurant owner. The juke box is also equipped with a metre which automatically notes the number of times any record in the machine is played. The hit tunes are left in the machine, the not-so-popular are removed and replaced. Some makes of records can be

a few drops EASE ACUTE CATARRH!

SPECIALIZED MEDICATION
Works Fast Right Where Misery Is

If you're stuffed up with catarrh—just tilt back your head and put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. *Instantly you can feel it go to work right where painful misery is.* Va-tro-nol is so effective because it is specially designed to do 3 important things:

1. shrink swollen membranes, 2. relieve irritation, 3. help flush out mucus clogged nasal passages ... and so make breathing easier.

And remember—Va-tro-nol also brings welcome relief from the distressing miseries of sniffly, sneezy head colds.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHILDREN'S COLDS

To relieve miseries—rub VicksVapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work!

VICKS VapoRub

Smooth... as a silent compliment

Silken smoothness of Three Flowers Face Powder adds subtle charm to your appearance.

Delightfully smooth in texture, lovely Three Flowers Face Powder is always complimentary to your complexion. It goes on evenly over your face — giving a lovely softness to your natural beauty. Three Flowers Face Powder clings like a pleasant thought — stays on longer with no need for frequent "retouching".

Though light as a wind tossed snowflake, enchanting new Three Flowers Face Powder never cakes, streaks or "blows" away. Perfectly colour blended, you'll find just the right shade for your complexion at your favourite cosmetic counter.

Decide now to buy delicate Three Flowers next time you need face powder — to help you look your best!

FOR SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS . . . 60¢ EACH

three flowers

Face Powder Lipstick Rouge

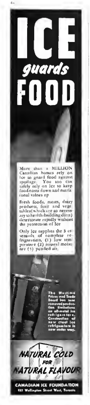
A CREATION OF RICHARD HUDNUT 1880-1944

THANKS, BUT I'M ALREADY GETTING A LIFT WITH TONIK WHEAT GERM!
OGILVIE
TONIK
WHEAT GERM

ONLY TONIK WHEAT GERM KEEPS FRESH

TONIK ALL WHEAT GERM

THE RIGHT WAY TO TAKE WHEAT GERM



ICE guards FOOD

More than a MILLION Canadian homes rely on Ice to guard food against spoilage. You too can safely rely on Ice to keep food costs down and nutritional values up.

Fresh foods, meats, dairy products, fruit and vegetables (which are so necessary to health-building diets) deteriorate rapidly without the protection of Ice.

Only Ice supplies the 3 essentials of complete refrigeration, (1) low temperature (2) natural moisture (3) purified air.

The Wartime Prices and Trade Board has now removed production limitations on all-metal ice refrigerators. Construction of new steel ice refrigerators is now under way.

NATURAL COLD FOR NATURAL FLAVOUR

CANADIAN ICE FOUNDATION
137 Wellington Street West, Toronto

played 100 times or more others are finished after 60 times around and around.

The juke box has meant the difference between success and failure to many a restaurant man. Some who held out against them were finally forced to install them because their bobby soxers went across to the competitor who offered swing with the milk shakes. And it turns up at many strange places such as weddings. The dealers can even find a record of the wedding march if called upon. In such cases the machines are rented for a day or a night at fees of from $7 to $10. They are rented out for private parties, meetings of teen age groups, and are rapidly becoming a familiar feature of daily life.

At one of the better restaurants in Toronto the customers prevailed upon the owner to obtain a supply of their favored music which ran mostly to musical comedy selections. In most cases however, the juke box is at the whim of the person with a nickel to start its flashing lights. These people are 99% those who favor the jivsters, and the dealers, who really have no interest in the machines except in the accumulated weekly total of silver, give the public what it apparently wants.

While the juke box does not offer serious competition to the radio programs' piped in to factories where the British idea of music while you work is being tried, there are a number in factories, the Vigneux firm having sent 150 to various plants.

Some extravagant claims are made for the juke box, one familiar one being that it helps to prevent juvenile delinquency by keeping the youngsters as slap happy jitterbugs and away from the poolroom. Whatever its virtues or faults it is apparently here to stay and those who like their meals without fanfare will have to find new restaurants.

So far as your operative was able to discover, James C Petrillo czar of the U S Federation of Musicians has not yet had a finger in the pie although he is reported to be mobilizing his forces for a new territorial demand.

Important Judgment

The Privy Council judgment on the juke box case in which the Vigneux Brothers were the chief appellants, is likely to have far-reaching repercussions in the music industry. The action involved Canadian copyright legislation. At present, by virtue of action taken by the Canadian broadcasters there are certain fixed fees payable by the radio stations, theatres and other public places for the performance of works in which the CPRS holds the copyright. These rates are set by a Copyright Appeal Board created by federal parliamentary enactment in 1938.

Vigneux Brothers and the restaurant involved in the Privy Council appeal contended that a section of the Act provided that a person who gives a performance by means of a radio receiving set or gramophone in any place other than a theatre may do so without paying anything for the right to do so. The CPRS claimed that such a performance was an infringement of their copyright.

Their Lordships were unable to accept the view, as argued in the Canadian courts, that the restaurant and the Vigneux Brothers were "carrying on a distinct class of business, a venture of publicly performing musical works purely for profit." The restaurant people, they point out, hired a machine which they thought would attract customers to their restaurant. The Vigneux Brothers, they state supplied the machine in the ordinary course of business at a fixed rental and had no interest beyond that.

The result of the judgment prohibits the CPRS from attempting to collect on either juke boxes or radios used in restaurants and other places. But a CPRS official stated that they did not propose to just sit back and take it, muttering that they had been beaten "on a technicality." He indicated that they were seeking another way around their difficulty—at the same time disclaiming any particular interest in juke boxes.

The judgment has again thrown the whole copyright dispute right out into the open. Operators of juke boxes, both here and in the United States have always taken the position that since the manufacturers of the records already pay copyright fees there should be no further fees. With their position bolstered by the legal decision it is expected there will be more stubborn resistance to future demands made in Canada by CPRS and in the United States by ASCAP. While the British decision is, of course, not a precedent for U.S. lawmakers it will undoubtedly give some of the operators these ideas.

Don't look now—but that looks like Mr Petrillo with his ear to the ground.

Columbia Records present

Bizet's "CARMEN SUITE"

At the end of a tiring day, here's music that can be counted on to relax and cheer you. Sir Thomas Beecham has done many fine things on records, but he has never put on wax a more vital reading than his own arrangement of music from Georges Bizet's opera "Carmen". The selections include: Preludes to Acts I, II, III, IV, La Garde Montante from Act I, and the 'Danse Boheme' from Act II. Set J36—$2 75

Columbia RECORDS are made in Canada at London, by Sparton

Radio's Richest Voice

Hair OFF Face Lips... Arms... Legs

New Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many things... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair Problem" explains method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, 93-95 Church St. Dept. C-608, Toronto, Ontario.

So You'd Like To Build

Continued from page 6

you pay your share of the cost directly to the contractor. Then as successive stages in the work are reached, the lending institution makes advances to you by cheque. There are certain charges to cover legal survey and financing costs which must be paid; these usually amount to about 2% of the loan. Together with interest on advances they are deducted from the last cheque you receive from the lending agency.

Jim Brown young engineer on the Vancouver sales staff of an electrical firm, wants to build a house this spring. He heard about the lending facilities provided by the Government and obtained application forms for a National Housing Act mortgage from his insurance company. As he paid $500 for his lot and a reliable builder estimated the cost of his house at $5,500 Jim felt justified in entering the total cost as $6 000. From an official copy of the act he then calculated the size of down payment required:

10% of first $4,000	$ 400
30% of amount over $4 000 or $2,000	$ 600
Down payment	$1,000

Jim overlooked, however, the Government's definition of "lending value." It can either be the *total cost* or the *appraised value*, whichever is the smaller sum. And today appraisals by the National Housing Administration run 10% to 20% below current building costs. The lending value of Jim's property was taken as $5 000, not $6 000 and his initial cash outlay, if he decides to proceed, will accordingly be much more than the $1 000 he expected. Though his down payment will be smaller he must add to it an extra $1 000—the difference between $5 000 and the $6 000 he needs to build his home.

Here's how it works out now:

10% of first $4 000	$ 400
30% of amount over $4 000 or $1 000	$ 300
Down payment	$ 700
Additional outlay required	$1 000
Total outlay	$1 700

The amount of money Jim could borrow under the act would be $5,000 (the lending value) minus $700 (his down payment) $4 300. On the 20-year plan at $6 30 for each $1 000 of loan his monthly mortgage payment would be $4 300 ÷ $1 000 x $6 30 = $27 10. To this sum he must add one twelfth of the annual municipal taxes. These constitute the greatest variable in the regular costs of home ownership, but Jim's total monthly payment will likely not exceed $37 50. Had the total cost been taken, instead of the appraised value of his property he would have had to pay around $42 50 monthly.

The difference of $5 in the monthly payment doesn't worry Jim. What does concern him is how to provide for an initial outlay almost twice as big as he originally planned. On an income basis he can well afford to own a $6 000 property. His job is secure. But he needs a home now and being young hasn't had time to acquire an impressive bank account.

On the other hand officials of the National Housing Administration point out that, when their appraisal policy requires additional saving before starting to build, the resulting reduction in the amount of loan means lower monthly payments. To them the size of monthly payment is more important than the size of the down payment. The term of the mortgage is from 10 to 20 years and monthly payments must be maintained through alternate periods of prosperity and depression.

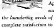
At least one Canadian employer assists people like Jim Brown to finance the erection of homes of their own and in so doing helps compensate for low appraisals. This firm, located in London, Ont., will lend dollar for dollar with the employee up to a maximum of $500. No interest is charged, and repayment is made through salary deductions over as long a time as five years.

The Co-operative Method

A way in which savings might be realized in building a house is suggested by F W Nicolls, director of the National Housing Administration. "Co-operative housing in Canada has barely been touched," he says, "and its possibilities are almost unknown to the public, but if properly organized and managed it has a splendid chance to assist in solving some of our postwar housing problems. To the single family dweller it offers complete and protected neighborhoods, with a reduction in first cost and maintenance."

In Montreal the residential community being erected by *Les Cités-Jardins du Québec* has attracted wide attention. This co-operative building society, founded by *l'Union économique d'habitations*, has as one of its main objectives the reduction of construction cost through the pooling of mass purchasing power and large-scale operations. By 1942 the first 15 of an ultimate development of 600 houses were completed. In 1943 18 more dwellings were finished, in 1944 nearly 100 more. This year's program has been announced as 200 houses.

Father Jean d'Auteuil Richard, social adviser to the union, computes the savings to individual homeowners at 10% to 15%. Eventually it is hoped that 25% will be realized. Financing is arranged under the National Housing Act and a number of house designs and plans are offered. The homeowner pays an annual membership fee of $2 and, while he gets his house at cost, must purchase a share in *Les Cités-Jardins du Québec*. In the case of a typical six room house this amounts to $100. He must also pay an initial levy of 10% of the value of his dwelling for



"20 women use our Thor Washer"

. . says Mrs. Helen A. Cooper, Cheritan Apartments Toronto (Pictured above)

"We have two Thor machines in our laundry!" declares Mrs. Helen A. Cooper, assistant superintendent of the Cheritan Apartments, Toronto. *"For eight years twenty women have used each of our Thors regularly every week, to take care of the laundering needs of their families.* During all that time the Thor has given complete satisfaction to these residents of our modern apartment building."

"Thor is certainly my choice", Mrs Cooper states. "It's kind to the clothes. It washes clean. It stands up well under hard wear. It is a standard, home-size Thor Washer, built for one family but doing the work of twenty."

If you want the real story of the durability and economy of Thor Electric Washers, ask any owner!

ORDER YOUR THOR FOR AFTER THE WAR

See your dealer now. Put your name in his official Thor Priority Register to make sure of getting your Thor as soon as new ones are available.

Thor

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRIC WASHER

THOR-CANADIAN COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO

HOW ONE SIMPLE CHANGE OF DIET CAN HELP YOU...

Make this 30-DAY TEST

1.

If you're really ill, see your doctor! But if you just feel dull and headachey, you may only be suffering from incomplete elimination. Here's how one simple change of diet can help you keep fit:

2.

Start now to eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes every morning. To keep fit the *natural* way, get more of the "bulk" your system needs by eating delicious, gently-laxative Kellogg's Bran Flakes with Other Parts of Wheat

3.

Just thirty days should prove to you how grand it is to feel alert, to have the energy for all the *extra* things you'd like to do. You'll want to go *on* keeping fit the Kellogg way!

"A delicious bowlful of Kellogg's Bran Flakes every morning *keeps* me on top of the world!"

LOOK FOR the golden-yellow package. Two sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada

Keep fit with Kellogg's every day in the year!

administrative and general purposes The cost of site development is apportioned on an equitable basis, and municipal taxation is handled in the usual way

Ontario's Institute of Modern Residential Planning was recently incorporated to carry on research regarding housing and neighborhood layout. Its immediate concern is the planning of residential communities for groups of its members. The first project of about 200 dwellings is to be located in the Toronto area, and preliminary plans are now being prepared. Thoroughly democratic in its organization the Institute seeks to induce people of moderate income to act collectively to obtain homes to suit their requirements, in a planned environment, at prices they can afford to pay

In Nova Scotia Canadian birth place of the nonprofit housing movement provincial legislation provides for its further growth. In Alberta where like Saskatchewan the National Housing Act is not operative laws also encourage co-operative developments

Will Costs Come Down?

Are costs likely to be reduced during the postwar period? Will they drop to a level approximating the appraisals now made under the National Housing Act 1944?

Dr O J Firestone, senior Research assistant, Advisory Committee on Reconstruction has ascertained that of every dollar spent on building under the Dominion Housing Act 1935 and the National Housing Act 1938, 10c. went to the contractor, 55c for materials, and 35c to labor But construction expenditures produce secondary economic effects. The president of the Canadian Construction Association, H C Nicholls, flatly states that of every dollar spent on building, 80c. goes directly or indirectly to labor

Are labor rates apt to come down after the war? So far no one has predicted they will Three quarters of the total remuneration paid to labor on the job goes to construction craftsmen. They are pathetically few in number and most of them are said to be between 50 and 65 years of age There are relatively no newcomers to take their places. Mr Nicholls believes Canada is 25 years behind in its supply of skilled building mechanics.

Will materials cost less after the war? An official of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board states that to prevent inflation Government controls will be necessary until the supply of building materials exceeds the demand. Once controls are removed there might be reduction in some prices. But of every dollar spent for materials in house construction 45c. goes for lumber If in the postwar era export trade in this commodity is carried on in volume as has been indicated by Mr [illegible] H Williamson Dominion Timber Controller, it is hardly likely that the supply for domestic consumption will cost less Wage increases granted during wartime to workers engaged in manufacturing and transporting building materials will certainly not be relinquished without protest There is the possibility of course that the Government will again remove the sales tax on materials.

Can labor and materials be organized for more efficient, less expensive house production? For years past the building industry has been charged with perpetuating medieval practices and refusing to adopt modern scientific techniques In particular, prefabrication—the manufacture of the house in a factory for assembly on the site—has been heralded as a great advance The vice-president of the National House Builders Association, Norman Long, admits the importance of standardization and simplification in construction. Experience, though, has forced him to conclude that the cost of handling and storing a prefabricated house outweighs any savings realized over conventional methods.

While Mr Long thinks there will be more efficiency in the future manner in which labor is employed he does not foresee any revolutionary developments which will reduce building costs. Neither in his estimation will there be any decrease in the price of land "It now sells for less than it did 30 years ago" he says "and an increase is clearly indicated."

Can financing costs be reduced after the war? Much has already been accomplished in this direction. The Dominion Housing Act 1935 as Dr W C Clark Deputy Minister of Finance has pointed out, while primarily intended to stimulate construction and hasten economic recovery also provided material assistance in the financing of home ownership. Not only were onerous costs and carrying charges reduced to the owner but he could achieve outright ownership within 10 to 20 years. Being a single mortgage system, with equal payments made each month to cover interest principal and taxes, the financial burden was evenly spread over the term of the mortgage.

The National Housing Act 1944 incorporates these features and as well provides for a repayment period of 30 years in the case of dwellings built in a community having adequate planning and zoning restrictions This means lower monthly payments, as does the reduction of the interest rate from 5 to 4½%. Further concessions cannot reasonably be anticipated.

Municipal taxation is another aspect to be considered when calculating the cost of home ownership. It has long been argued that property bears a disproportionate share of the tax load especially in the fields of education and social service Recognition of this fact was recently made in Ontario, where the Provincial Government has assumed half of the cost of education Whether this move will materially benefit the homeowner remains to be seen In Toronto the Board of Education immediately increased salaries already highest in the Dominion, thereby denying him full measure of relief

To the question, do you know if it is more advantageous to build in the immediate future or to wait till after the war? here is the answer in a nutshell It represents the consensus of opinions expressed by practical experienced realtors architects, contractors and manufacturers *Lower building costs cannot be expected within the next five years!*

(Next Article If You Buy a House)

MACLEAN'S
Ottawa Editor
Blair Fraser
will cover the
United Nations
Security Conference
at
SAN FRANCISCO

DRAFTING SPRINGBOARD TO SUCCESS!

Increased salary, larger responsibilities, a real career instead of just a job—these are to be had by the trained draftsman. I.C.S. work all the way to thorough, practical training open to you. Check up and you'll find that nearly every big name in Canadian engineering and production acquired experience at the drafting board. Many of them started by writing for the I.C.S. free booklet. Send for it today! It can be the most important act of your life.

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For Bad Winter Cough, Mix This Syrup Yourself

Saves Good Money — No Cooking

If you want a splendid cough medicine mix it at home. It costs very little yet the way it takes hold of distressing coughs giving quick relief is astonishing.

Any druggist can supply you with a 2½ ounce bottle of Pinex. Pour this into a 16 ounce bottle and add granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. To make syrup use 2 cups of sugar and one cup of water and stir a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. (Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey instead of sugar syrup.) It's no trouble at all and gives you four times as much cough medicine for your money—a real family supply. Keeps perfectly and tastes fine. It is surprising how quickly this loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes and helps to clear the air passages. This three fold action explains why it relieves so annoying cough in a hurry.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form a very reliable soothing agent for winter coughs. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

Walk on HAPPY FEET

● Is every single step you take an agony? Stop the pain from that pressing corn with Blue Jay the medicated corn plasters that do their work while you walk in comfort—yet cost only a few cents per corn! Blue Jay relieves the pain quickly and softens up the core of the corn so you can be rid of it completely. Ask for Blue Jay at your nearest drug or toilet goods counter today.

BLUE JAY FOR CORNS

And So To Scrub

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of Chatelaine Institute

SPRING cleaning nowadays isn't the old time orgy of sweeping scrubbing and scouring But it's no afternoon tea either It needs a clear head a strong right arm and as much patience as any woman can muster

You can wade right in without a plan if you want to but you're likely to rout the family as well as the dirt Better do your first work on paper: make lists of jobs to be done of supplies and utensils needed

If you can't take it easy take it as easy as you can. Work a reasonable shift each day and call a halt come quitting time, even if you haven't accomplished everything you set out to do.

Treat your feet to solid comfort and save them by using your head Collect all tools for the job before you begin it. Then stick to it before looking for fresh fields to conquer: a lot of effort is wasted hopping from one thing to the other and back again

Doing one room at a time creates the least upheaval Work from the top down and conclude your mopping up operations in the cellar

Winter clothes get a brush-off before being put away Give them a good sunning in a brisk breeze and make a thorough job of whisking seams under collars, pleats, trouser cuffs and inside pockets. Spray with mothproofing liquid or pack with fumigant then store in boxes, bags or bundles sealed with gummed paper

Grease spots on wallpaper can often be banished by applying a paste of fuller's earth and non inflammable dry cleaning fluid Leave on for several hours then brush off Repeat if necessary If a ring is left on the paper mix fuller's earth in water to a paste apply and wipe off when dry

Cleaning radiators isn't any cinch but this is the way to make it as painless as possible First use your vacuum cleaner attachment to remove loose dust and fluff Spread a moistened newspaper underneath and envelop the radiator with a damp cloth Then dust with a long handled narrow brush. Gets rid of dirt without spreading it all over the room

Brass plates of electric light switches can be removed for polishing Or they may be cleaned on the wall without smudging the paper if you take a piece of cardboard, cut a hole the size and shape of the plate and slip this over them before rubbing with brass polish

Glazed chintz may be freshened by shaking and brushing to remove dust, then wiping with a dry or lightly dampened cloth If very soiled try a mild soap solution in which a little borax is dissolved, then follow first with a cloth dipped in clear water and wrung out well, then with a dry cloth Be careful not to wet the fabric too much And don't rub but wipe off lightly If the glazed finish has worn off by repeated cleaning you can give the material a fresh, crisp appearance by washing and starching heavily

Now's a good time to make a check of your fruit cupboard Take an inventory of how many jars left over different varieties of fruit, pickles and so on 'Twill help later in planning your canning program for this year

Fine polish in powder paste or liquid form restores the gleam and lustre to silverware Apply with light, even, lengthwise strokes and use a small soft-bristled brush to get after the tarnish in little grooves and crevices. Wash in warm, mild suds, rinse in hot water and wipe dry with a soft towel

A large number of pieces can be dealt with very quickly by the electrolytic method Add one teaspoonful each of salt and baking soda to every quart of hot water required Then set a small aluminum utensil or strip of the metal in a large pan and pour the water over it Place over a low heat, lay in the silver in such a way that each piece touches the aluminum or one of its fellows Tarnish vanishes in a twinkling but your silver won't have quite the lovely sheen which results from hand polishing This method should not be used for pieces with an oxidized or French gray finish or for hollow ware with handles which might be loosened in the hot water

—Harold M Lambert Photo

F stands for Favorite

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast has been the favorite of Canadian women for over 70 years.

● AND NO WONDER! Because FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast can be relied on to help bake tender, delicious bread every time. If you bake at home, use FLEISCHMANN'S It's at your grocer's Ask for it today —the Yeast with the familiar yellow label.

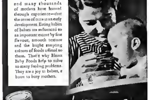
MADE IN CANADA

Get Extra Vitamins —More Pep by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This fresh Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B complex group of vitamins.

YOUR BABY APPRECIATES THE DIFFERENCE IN FLAVOUR

By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph. B.
Baby Counsellor of Heinz Home Institute

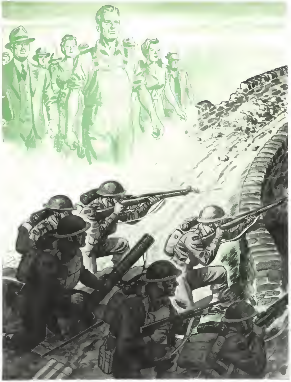
● Doctors have proved—and many thousands of mothers have learned through experience—that the sense of taste is an early development. Eating habits of babies are influenced to an important extent by fine flavour, smooth texture and the bright tempting colours of foods offered to them. That's why Heinz Baby Foods help to solve so many feeding problems. They are a joy to babies, a boon to busy mothers.



Notice the difference in flavour, colour and texture of—

HEINZ BABY FOODS

57



Together We Triumph

- Let us be grateful for our victories . .

More than five strenuous years ago the democracies were warding off savage, bloody blows of aggression. We all rolled up our sleeves with bull dog determination to triumph over our enemies.

Today, we stand on the threshold of unconditional victory over the foes of freedom.

Let us be grateful, but at this critical stage of the war, let us not become complacent. The war and its aftermath is not yet finished. Tremendous tasks lie ahead in which Canada must share.

We must still stand by our guns both on the battlefront and the home front. Canada still needs your Victory Loan dollars to carry on until the task is done. Victory Bonds still must be purchased to ensure final and complete Victory.

So, more than ever, in the Eighth Victory Loan Drive, you are urged to purchase Victory Bonds. They pay you interest of three percent. They are marketable at any time. Every bond is backed by Canada's tremendous resources.

March along with Canada to Victory and Peace. Make the Eighth Victory Loan drive your biggest yet.

THE 8TH VICTORY LOAN
OPENS APRIL 23RD

Get Ready to Buy VICTORY BONDS

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

"SCRUB IT? why, of course NOT!"

"Scrubbing's a nasty job and doesn't always clean thoroughly. Use Sani-Flush as I do, twice a week. It rids the toilet bowl of stains and discolorations. Leaves it white, clean, odorless."

Yes, that's the easy way of it. Sani-Flush works chemically, removing every sign of stain or film. It cleans the hidden trap, also disinfects—removes a source of toilet odors. It doesn't harm toilet connections. Nor is it harmful to septic tanks and their action. Try Sani-Flush. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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EASY

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Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, a powder to be sprinkled on false teeth, keeps them more firmly set. Make your loose plates more dependable with FASTEETH. You'll feel more confident with a firmer dental plate. Mildly alkaline—FASTEETH also checks gum soreness, burning sensation or rash due to the chafing of a wobbly plate or to excessive acid mouth. Get alkaline FASTEETH at any drug store.

FASTEETH

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FURNITURE POLISH

Has Been A Leader In QUALITY

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION

Fort Erie North, Ont.

Your Dealer has Liquid Veneer

Cross Country

Continued from page 14

Pacific coast war guest has locked verbal horns with Bluenoses on the topic.

But even Nova Scotians will concede one point. B.C. has it over N.S. in marketing methods. Modern refrigeration, attractive packaging plus individual paper wrapping on each apple, have given B.C. apples the edge over those grown in the Atlantic province. Furthermore, B.C. fruit growers recognize that "it pays to advertise"—even to the extent of signs on the London, England, buses. Nova Scotia growers are handicapped by inadequate refrigeration, inferior packaging, and advertising on a comparatively small scale.

Today, however, Nova Scotians are all out to capture their share of the apple market. Recently they sent a delegation representing the Valley growers to investigate methods in the U.S. and B.C. apple growing centres, and now a move is on foot to replace with local apples the 30,000 barrels of B.C. apples sold annually in the province.

The Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association and the Nova Scotia Apple Marketing Board are co-operating on plans which include the purchase of 300,000 bushel boxes to replace antiquated barrels and hampers, modern refrigeration facilities, and greater emphasis on advertising.

Quebec

Dr. Georges Gauthier, general weed inspector of the Quebec Department of Agriculture, has declared war against hay fever. If his plans work he hopes to free the province from this complaint.

Dr. Gauthier charges that Quebec's municipal authorities are negligent in not removing noxious weeds which make life almost unbearable for hay fever victims. He has called upon civic councils to appoint special investigators and "destroyers" to make the rounds and spot places where the offensive growth flourishes. If his advice is heeded he believes the province can eradicate hay fever in a surprisingly short time. All too long, Dr. Gauthier maintains, Quebec has been regarded as a top ranking hay fever centre.

* * *

It begins to look as though Montreal policemen will really have to "sweat it out" this summer after all. For years traffic cops and men on the beat have been complaining to civic fathers that the regulation uniforms, with tightly buttoned necks and heavy woollen slacks, did not exactly make for the comfort to which the men were entitled.

Montreal cops have a union all of their own and in recent years officials have been glancing enviously at the uniforms worn by the police in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Came the time when they decided a change was necessary and some time ago they drew up what they considered a perfect model of what the well-dressed Montreal copper should wear when Old Sol starts climbing. Municipal authorities smiled blandly and promised something would be done before summer arrived.

What has happened? According to union officials, the city has given the order for a new batch of uniforms—old style. "C'est la guerre," they have retorted!

Ontario

Forestry officials and pulp and paper executives are worried about the damage the spruce budworm is expected to inflict on timberlands in the Lake Nipigon region of Ontario this summer. Dr. C. E. Atwood, assistant entomologist of the forests insects branch of the Department of Agriculture, has warned Lakehead authorities that the budworm infestation in that part of Ontario may reach serious proportions. He has reminded them, too, that this vicious little destroyer has previously ravaged 135,000 square miles of Canadian forest land.

Lakehead timber officials had hoped the infestation would be checked by the use of the new miracle powder DDT—a powerful chemical that means instant death to most insect life. But DDT's usefulness against the budworm is hindered by the fact it also destroys the parasites specially imported to kill off the budworm.

According to Dr. Atwood, about 70 varieties of these parasites which feed on the budworm are now being used in Canada.

* * *

Up rose Ontario's Premier George Drew to lead off a team of politicians in an old-fashioned spelling bee against a team of Toronto newspapermen. Other members of Mr. Drew's team were E. B. Jolliffe, CCF Opposition Leader in the Ontario Legislature; Clerk of the House Major Alex Lewis, and Toronto's Mayor Robert Saunders.

"Spell 'siege,'" said the announcer.

"S-e-i-g-e," said Premier Drew.

"Wrong," said the announcer.

Thirty minutes later the newsmen emerged on the top end of a 150-110 score.

Opposition Leader Jolliffe, Rhodes scholarship notwithstanding, struck out on "invertebrate." Mayor Saunders gave a creditable performance, missing out on a couple of tough ones. They were "crustacean" and "Samoa."

It was one time the newsmen said when the politicians couldn't claim they were misquoted.

The Prairies

A relic of the old West was saved from obliteration when the Manitoba Historical Society prevailed on City Council to move Winnipeg's first post office to another site. It is reported to be the oldest post office building west of the Great Lakes.

Ninety-three years ago the little squared-log cabin was built, serving in the first instance as the farm home of William Ross, son of a Selkirk settler who had the land deeded to him by Governor Simpson in 1825. William Ross became the first postmaster of the settlement in 1855, working for a salary of five pounds a year. His house was the post office.

The Ross farm stretched, in a long narrow strip, two miles back from the Red River, and the cabin stood on the bank of a little stream running into the river. The stream is gone today and the eastern section of Ross' place is covered with office buildings and factories. Main Street cuts athwart it.

The old post office would have gone too had it not been for the Historical Society's action when they learned that the property had been sold as the site for another warehouse.

* * *

Black market trafficking in cars and trucks is making small fortunes for fly-by-night used car dealers in Saskatchewan, who have set up shop in the larger centres throughout the province. Regina is one of the worst cities in the Dominion for the operation of used-car black markets, according to officials of the WPTB.

Cars with a ceiling price of around $600 are easily sold for as high as $1,200. The farmer who requires an automobile to travel the many miles from farm to town and city provides the chief market. And farmers with ample funds are not averse to bidding against each other for a particularly good buy in a secondhand car. Used car dealers have suddenly appeared in vacant lots, and the turnover in vehicles has been considerable.

WPTB enforcement officers have been doing everything they can to break up the black market. There have been 1,208 prosecutions thus far, but officers say they will be unable to halt completely car racketeering until magistrates start sending offenders to jail. Up to mid-March not a single person found guilty of operating a black market in cars had been given a jail sentence.

* * *

If the Sudeten Germans who came to Alberta in 1939 are any criterion, Canada can look for some first class agricultural settlers from Europe after the war.

Hogs shipped from the Sudeten Colony at Tupper Creek, near the Alberta-British Columbia boundary, have been grading 78% top quality—the highest of any area in Canada. Last year hog shippers were paid $40,885 by their co-operative society.

A co-operative pasteurization plant has been completed and 250,000 feet of lumber has been cut for various buildings. The land debt of the colony has been reduced from $16,343 last year to $11,832. Forty-four settlers have paid for their land in full.

* * *

There are indications that Alberta law authorities may open the eye they have kept closed to the flood of raffles conducted during the war years.

The first prosecution was started recently in Edmonton. Two men, alleged to have been selling tickets on a house in Brantford, Ont., in aid of the "Democratic Committee to Aid Poland," were charged with conducting a lottery. Authorities said other prosecutions may follow. They added that in Alberta net profits on some house raffles have ranged from $20,000 to close to $100,000.

* * *

Between 700 and 800 Canadian civilians will lose their jobs as a result of the decision of the U.S. Government to close down Canol, the $134,000,000 oil project, by June 30.

These men are employed on maintaining the pipe line from Fort Norman to Whitehorse or at the Whitehorse refinery. However, more than that number of Americans are still employed on the Alaska Highway and the Canadians released from Canol will be given the chance to take those jobs.

STUFFY NOSE?

Nose plugged up? Head cold threatening? Just smear NOSTROLINE in each nostril. Feel clogged mucous loosen, stuffiness vanish, breathing passages come clear. Relief is instant. NOSTROLINE clears head, stops discharge, relieves catarrh, head colds. Convenient. Pleasant. Adults and children. 50c—all druggists.

NOSTROLINE

CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

ITCH CHECKED in a Jiffy —or Money Back

For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions, use pure, cooling, medicated, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes, comforts and quickly calms intense itching. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

Is GETTING UP

Getting You DOWN?

If morning finds you only half rested, still weary . . . if your sleep is broken by fitful tossing and turning . . . if you can't seem to settle down to relaxing rest . . . your kidneys may be to blame.

When your kidneys get out of order, your sleep usually suffers. To help your kidneys regain a normal condition, to help you enjoy restful sleep—use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a favourite treatment for more than half a century. Dodd's Kidney Pills are easy to use and are not habit forming. Ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills at any drug counter. Look for the blue box with the red band. 127

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Give Tampax a chance to prove itself

Two minutes of use worth an hour's talk in a case like this

All Tampax asks of any woman is a chance to prove itself. Millions of women have been "good sports" and have given their answer—after that chance. Often it took a bit of courage . . . the "internal absorption" idea for monthly sanitary protection does sound like quite a departure from external pads, pins and belts. . . . But it's mainly a matter of getting used to it. Tampax was originated by a doctor and you do not feel it when in place. It causes no odor or chafing. Just pure surgical cotton in a dainty applicator—neat insertion, easy disposal. Smooth-fitting costumes may be worn for Tampax causes no wrinkling or bulging. Introductory box 25c at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont. 45-5

NAUSEA caused by sudden changes when flying, relieved with MOTHERSILL'S AIRSICK REMEDY

Helps to control organs of balance. Quiets the nerves.

THE WORLD OVER

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Alma College

ST. THOMAS ONTARIO

Famous Canadian School for girls founded 1877. For Illustrated Prospectus with full information regarding courses, fees and College life, write to the principal—

Rev. P. S. Dobson, M.A., D.D.

REOPENS SEPTEMBER 12th

This is in line with the joint policy adopted by the Canadian and U.S. Governments.

British Columbia

P. F. Pigeon, whose family has been ranching in the Cariboo for more than 50 years, is trying hard to popularize horse meat for human consumption. He says—and he speaks from experience—that one can't tell the difference between a pork chop and a horse chop. He's served roast horse to guests and they liked it. Very wisely Mr. Pigeon didn't tell them what they'd eaten.

There are thousands of wild horses in northern British Columbia. They're good enough for pack ponies and Indian saddle horses, but the country would be the better for their disappearance. Some are rounded up and shipped to canneries that market dog and fox foods, but the returns are not attractive enough to the ranchers even with the $5 added bounty.

Wild horses are wary. They run in small bands and are difficult to catch except in the early spring, when they are thin and weak after a long winter. They can be shot, but as it's impossible to distinguish a brand on a shaggy horse until it's roped and thrown, the man who hunts with a rifle runs a risk of killing someone's stock.

Mr. Pigeon is trying to induce the Ashcroft Cannery to cook and can wild horses. A market, he believes, could be developed at home in time. Meanwhile shipments could be sent abroad, notably to France, Belgium and other European countries where horse meat holds equal rank with beef. Mr. Pigeon has also approached the Chinese consul in Vancouver, but at the moment China is more interested in munitions than horse meat. Later on, perhaps.

Too Much Amor

Continued from page 9

Just then Mary, our part-time maid, came out on the steps and yelled, "Binks, your Mum just phoned and said if you hadn't changed your clothes to change 'em."

I reluctantly dragged myself upstairs. Slacks and a shirt are so much a part of me I feel hardly there at all when I take them off. I am definitely not the type to wear pink gingham pinafores, one of which was lying across my bed, waiting malignantly for me. I hadn't even finished getting into it when I heard a car stop outside, and the noisy arrival of human beings.

Mother and Mavis Hall-Browne came in, arm in arm, giggling like a couple of rusty hens, in a way I had never heard mother do before. But I paid no attention to them because of the girl in the doorway. "Jeepers!" I thought. "The pay-off! She can't be the British refugee! She's as old as Russ!"

The girl was tall and slender, and her shining blond hair fell like a cape to her shoulders without a wave or a ripple. It was the stunningest hair-do I have ever seen. She also had eyes, big and blue, and one of those English rose complexions. And a figure that filled out her suit, but good. A regular wolfess.

And she wasn't all! Following closely in her wake was a tall brown man—yeah, man—wearing a fawn and brown ensemble and a manner! He oozed personality from every seam.

"If this replica of Robert Taylor turns out to be Worthington I shall die on the spot," a voice inside me said. I felt that I had been dealt a body blow.

"My dear, how you've grown!" Mavis exclaimed in her coloratura voice, kissing me. She was wearing Chanel No. 5 and had dyed her hair, I noticed. Should lie bad her age.

"Binnie, my dear," said mother. (Jeepers! thought I.) "This is Miss Cynthia Popham, Mavis' British guest."

I felt like a pink goblet in that odious pinafore job, the more so since she had gobs of graciousness and charm, like Greer Garson or the Queen.

Then I felt my hands being seized by the Man in Brown, who, of course, was Worthy, and for some reason we both yelled at once, "My dear, how you've grown!" in falsetto voices.

Presently we were sitting at lunch. The double shock had been too much for me, and I ate scarcely anything. But scarcely. A mere couple of slices of ham, some salad and some nondescript rolls and things. I felt that I had to keep my strength up. Something told me I was going to need all of it. Then Squeak arrived, as I had known he would.

"Here are some people you will want to meet," mother said to him. "You remember Worthy, of course, and his mother, and this is Miss Cynthia Popham, from England."

I enjoyed myself. I mean I really did. Squeak and Worthy shook hands and they took each other's measure like tomcats meeting on a picket fence. Squeak did not have the advantage. For one thing he hadn't changed his clothes much, and for another, Worthy was taller than he.

But the pay-off came when he faced Cynthia. She gave him her hand with a queenly but gracious air, and you could see he didn't know what to do with it. He reminded me of Mickey Rooney playing a love scene.

"Yes, indeed, Cynthia was only a little girl when she came to us," Mavis Hall-Browne said. "But that was four years ago. She's done a lot of growing up."

Which was a terrific understatement.

AFTER lunch mother and Mrs. Hall-Browne retired to one of those endless conversations of women, and I could see there would be no help from that quarter. No help from Squeak either. All he could do was trail after Cynthia and look like a sick billy goat. And whenever I looked at Worthy, something slid up and down in my throat, and my stomach felt full of fog.

I suggested tennis. Cynthia and Squeak beat Worthy and me two out of three. In my normal moments I am junior champ of the club. I was not in a normal moment. I suggested a swim—and regretted it. Cynthia came out looking like Betty Grable in a blue satin skirt and bra. I felt as outdated as an antimacassar in my old faded wool. The fact that she couldn't swim mattered not a whit. All she had to do was sit on the edge of the pool and dabble her pink toes in the water and everybody stopped whatever they were doing to watch. Including Squeak. He stuck beside her like a limpet.

Dinner at Travers' was no improvement. Cynthia appeared in a floating black net dress. Blank, mind you! She completely eclipsed Russ, which takes some doing. Of course Russ wasn't trying, having gained her objective so to speak. After dinner Mavis asked Cynthia to sing. She sang "Amor, Amor, Amor," accompanying herself. Squeak leaned over the piano and drooled at the mouth. Even father began to look plastic, and Mr. Travers had definitely gone down for the third time. But when Cynthia gave out with

1. When little Jane scrambles up the apple tree and scrapes her knee, don't risk infection, mother! Treat the hurt properly and quickly do this. . . .

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3. In fact, BAND-AID is so trusted it's used by more families than all other adhesive bandages put together.

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Band-Aid

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To make your heart sing!

COLOGNES
by
helena rubinstein

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HEAVEN-SENT—To waft you very near to heaven and very far from earth. A hauntingly lovely, ethereal and fragile fragrance. 1.00, 1.50

ENCHANTÉ—For that sophisticated mood, that air of poised serenity, that gala, glittering evening, this subtle, discreetly perfect, worldly wise perfume 1.25

Helena Rubinstein
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DO THIS! Put 2 drops of Eye-Gene in each eye. See how quickly it washes away that bloodshot look—brings soothing relief to tired eyes.

GET EYE-GENE . . . today! It's the only eye lotion on the market containing the exclusive ingredient that gives such effective relief . . . so fast! Safe, stainless.

EYE-GENE
2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS

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Why not help your man to better health by recommending this Vitamin B_1 Tonic which has so greatly benefited you.

Most women know about Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD from experience or the report of friends. Many have learned to depend on it when loss of sleep, fatigue or indigestion warns them of nervous exhaustion.

Why not see that the man in whom you are most interested has the benefit of this proven tonic when troubled with similar ailments.

Ask for the new economy size bottle of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

60s.—60cts. 180s—$1.50

some boogie-woogie you could have knocked Squeak's eyes off with a stick. I wished I had one.

The wedding was to be at five Saturday evening. Long before that everything was ready. Early Saturday morning Cynthia came skipping down, looking as if she'd had a marvellous sleep in my bed while I had contracted permanent curvature of the spine from sleeping on the living room sofa which is Regency style. I saw her whispering to Mary in the kitchen and Mary who never smiles before 10 o'clock was giggling like a goon. The result of the whispering was soon clear. Squeak appeared noticeably clean—and he and Cynthia went off for the day with a well filled picnic basket.

Worthy and I discovered that we liked being together and doing the same things, and getting a laugh out of something someone else might not even notice. I thought, "Who would ever have thought he would grow up groovy like that?" Worthy was so absolutely heaven sent, not blundering and uncouth like Squeak. I could see I had been missing a lot, putting up with Squeak. Worthy made a girl feel special. When I saw Cynthia and Squeak coming up the walk, I realized I had forgotten their existence.

Then it was time to get dressed and when I saw myself in the blue dress all the heart-stopping excitement of the wedding came back. I thought, "When Squeak discovers my ethereal beauty and wants to come back, I shall be polite but firm. After all he's just a callow youth." I revolved before the glass, tilting my head, narrowing my eyes to get the best effect. Then the door was opened rudely and mother said, "Binkie for goodness sake, hurry up! What are you doing, pulling your face and your seams all out of shape that way?"

Mothers are so insensitive.

THEN the wedding. Flowers and candles and silvery, solemn music. Rissa was all white and gold like a smiling statue and everyone gulped and made sighs.

I tried to keep my mind on what Rev. Carr was saying, but it was no use. I noticed Squeak standing beside the pew where Cynthia was sitting. All his freckles were out in bas-relief and he looked as if he was having a growing pain. Cynthia, on her part, appeared to be memorizing in detail the handsome profile of Capt. Treadway. Then suddenly Wick was kissing Rissa and it was all over.

I suppose weddings are all the same. A terrific buildup, a few moments of glory, and then cake and chicken salad. It's the things that go on around weddings that intrigue me. I could see there was a lot of unrehearsed business taking place at this wedding. Over in a corner I observed Squeak standing beside Cynthia holding her cake plate and looking like a stubborn billy goat. On her other side stood Capt. Treadway, looking about as movable as the Rock of Gibraltar. I shrugged nonchalantly. It was, of course nothing to me. Just then I saw Worthy. He was sitting in the window seat with Taffy, and it was obvious that he had been wedged there and couldn't escape. Taffy was all but sitting on his knees. Taffy acting like a gas ball! I felt strictly from murder.

Rissa came down then in her blue tailleur, and there was kissing and goons throwing rice and confetti around and mother trying not to cry. Everybody seemed deliriously happy—except me. For no apparent reason I felt bleak and desolate. It was one thing to think about Rissa going. It was another to have her practically gone. True we hadn't always seen eye to eye, but imagine having no interference with the telephone or the bathroom. Imagine being allowed to wear my clothes as I saw fit with no sarcastic remarks. The memory of the things Rissa wouldn't want, left behind in her dresser drawers, was small comfort. I felt like a ghoul.

Fortunately, just then the hired orchestra began to give with The Trolley Song. Capt. Treadway politely came for the first dance. It was scarcely a historic event. I don't imagine he is much of a rhythm rocker at any time. Now he was so occupied in watching Cynthia, he kept stepping on my feet. At last, in self defense I said sweetly, "It's just an idea, but why don't you get a periscope?"

"Eh?" he said. "What's that? Oh, jolly good, what?"

When the music stopped he took off like a jet-propelled plane. It was merely flattering. Cynthia and Squeak, I observed had disappeared.

Then Worthy came to dance. His dancing was of course, like cloud walking. He held me close. His cheek smelled manfully of shaving lotion. Finally he led me out to the dark side porch. There he fastened a single pink rosebud in my hair.

"It reminds me of you," he whispered huskily. "Sweet and lovely. Would you kiss me, baby?"

I felt very adult. I thought, "This is it! This is Life!" The kiss was however not quite what I had expected. I suppose I had built it up too much from movies and stuff. After a while we went back in the house.

I had my duties as a hostess—dancing with every man in the place—and it was a while before I saw Worthy again. At last I realized it had been too long. He didn't seem to be anywhere around. "Perhaps he's gone off to be alone and to think about us," I thought. "He's so sensitive." I went out to the side porch. At the far end I saw two dark forms standing close together. Then I heard the girl giggle. It had a very familiar sound, did that giggle.

"Jeepers!" thought I. "Taffy! And a man!"

Then the man spoke. And I felt absolutely robot-bombed. I had been listening to those same melting tones not an hour before. "I picked this rose because it reminded me of you," the voice said. "Will you wear it for me? Would you—could you—kiss me?"

She would and she could and she did. Loudly and saltily. Taffy has a lot to learn. I leaned faintly against the door. I thought I was going to be sick. The snake! The rat! I fled to the bathroom, my refuge in moments of stress. I sat on the edge of the tub and shivered. Disillusionment and education swept over me in tidal waves. That greeb! That wolf on a scooter! Thinking just because we were small town he could make us all look like a bunch of babies. Loathing rose in my breast.

Just then, to my horror, the door swung inward. I had forgotten to lock it. But it was only mother. I sank back, not even bothering to straighten out my face.

"Oh, excuse me," Mother said. "Why, Binkie pet, whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, g-gosh!" I wailed. "Everything is so utterly sklankah!"

Mother sat down on the tub and put her arm around me. "It always is after a wedding," she said. "It's the aftermath."

"It's nauseating," I wept. "Everybody acts so droopy, and there's too much amor, amor on every side."

"It does seem to be catching." Mother's eyes met mine and in them I saw complete understanding. She had known all about everything all the

time! Aren't mothers colossal? I put my head down on her knee without feeling the least bit childish. Her gown felt cool and fragrant beneath my face. She stroked my hair.

"There are men—and men," said mother conversationally. "There are some who can be trusted and others who won't wear. The wisest thing to do is not to go all out for a man until you're sure. How do you know when you're sure? Well, my pet, instinct and experience. And you can't get experience until you have a little more age and a little more life behind you. The thing to do is not to rush it. Don't try to grow up too fast, and the pieces will fall into a pattern you'll like."

She stood up and gave a little laugh. "Here I am talking like a lecture," she said, "when probably you know all this already." I realized that mother had not been talking down to me. She was, in fact, talking as one woman to another. She expected me to understand, and I could actually feel my brain expanding in the effort to do so.

"I've been thinking," she went on. "How would you like to have Rissa's room now? It'll be more to your taste soon, I imagine, than your own small one."

Rissa's room! That sophisticated sanctum! Hitherto I had scarcely been allowed to even *look* at it. It was all maple and chintz, with a *real fireplace*, and bookcases.

"Oh, mother!" I gasped. "How completely heaven sent!"

We found father in the hall looking lost. His face lighted up like he'd just been wired when he saw us. "I've been looking everywhere for you," he said to mother. "People are beginning to leave."

He put his arm around her and they looked at each other in that tender, kind way they have. Mavis Hall Browne came along just then. "You two," said she. "You'd think you were the just marrieds."

"By the way," said father to me, "there's a young man sitting out in the kitchen who said he had something to say to you."

Worthy, I thought disgustedly. Well I had a thing or two to say to him likewise. I walked down the hall and pushed the kitchen door open. There sat Squeak, staring at a pile of dirty dishes and looking as if he had been dive bombed.

"WELL!" said I. "What brings you here?"

Squeak shrugged. "Where else would I go? Anyway I have something of importance to tell you."

"You don't want to tell me you got a nice gentle brush off, now, do you?" I enquired sweetly.

"I wouldn't do a thing like that to a dog," said Squeak indignantly. "I darn near took root under that spruce tree."

"Spruce tree?" asked I.

"That's where she told me to wait for her. Under the spruce tree. Said she'd only be a minute. Jeepers! I waited half the night. And when I did give up and come in, Buzz Norton tells me he saw her leave ages ago with that overbred Capt. Treadway."

Squeak's tone held, I was pleased to note, not so much grief as astonishment. Squeak is very gullible.

"Whatever finally impelled you to come in?" I asked curiously.

"I got hungry," Squeak said frankly. "But while I was there I saw a few things of interest. That's what I want to tell you.

"I guess it's not exactly cricket," said Squeak, "to snooch on the guy. But where you're concerned, well then I'm interested. And I thought you seemed to kind of like the guy. Anyway while I was sitting there, out comes this Worthy with a female."

I gulped. After a while my voice came out. "So what?"

"Nothing, I guess. They made a little love talk, and then he pinned one of your mother's roses on her."

"Interesting. And I suppose you noticed who it was?"

"Nope too dark. And she talked in a whisper.

"But I saw who it was the second and third times," Squeak continued.

"Third?" I gasped. "Sacred elephants! I thought it was only ... I mean ..."

"Yep," said Squeak, shying an imaginary ball at Winston, who was crossing the floor just to see him jump. "Second time Taffy. Third time Brenda Andrews. Same routine. Same technique. Cecil B. de Mille ought to get hold of him. The guy's got talent."

"It's disgusting," I said coldly. "Trying to impress everybody that he's big town."

Squeak stared at me curiously. "I thought you liked him."

"I saw through him right away," I said. "He mattered not a whit to me. But with you acting the way you did with Cynthia, I had to do something."

"Yeah," said Squeak. Then he looked at me, and his blue eyes were smiling and clear, and his freckles all out like stars on his face. I thought, "Good heavens, what next? Squeak positively is a double for Van Johnson. So innocent-looking."

"That first dame looked a little like you," he said cheerfully. "Sure glad to hear it wasn't. You're too good for a wolf like him. You sure are the grade A stuff in that dress. Makes you look all grown up, or something. When I saw you come into the church I darn near fell over."

"Why, Squeak darling," I cried. "I didn't suppose you noticed." I felt all warm and generous inside. "What do you say we have a snack of something? What would you like in a sandwich?"

"Everything!" A wolfish gleam—from hunger—appeared in Squeak's eyes. He still looked like Van Johnson. "That supper was sure the lush mush but I didn't get to eat much of it, what with having my hands full of plates, and woman trouble and all."

I got out some slices of bread and began to pile chicken, salad, cheese, pickles and the usual ingredients of a sandwich between them. "You know, Squeak," I said, "this is the best way, isn't it? All that emotion and heavy love can wait till we grow up."

"You said it," said Squeak. "Imagine fencing yourself in at our age!"

When at last I went up to bed I found the house empty and still, smelling faintly of tobacco and flowers. It had a nice feeling, as if it were glad all the people were gone and it belonged to us once more. I could hear mother and dad talking softly in their room. I stopped at the door of my room, just to have a look.

Cynthia of course hadn't yet come in. My old spool bed stood empty, with the covers folded back and Cynthia's wicked-looking nightie lying on the pillow. The crisp white curtains swelled gently in the night breeze. There was the pink and blue wallpaper, the pink and blue draped dressing table that was too low for me now. My shelf of books still contained "Little Women" and "Anne of Green Gables." I passed my hand through the air as if I were touching everything there. The curtain swelled out again as if it were waving to me.

"Good-by," I whispered. "Good-by."

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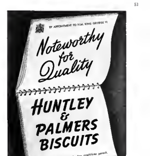
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Oh, nothing. Except that they cheat you on chewing. And gums need work to keep strong and healthy.

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You bet you should. Otherwise, "pink tooth brush" may warn you of flabby, neglected gums. So, better start massaging with Ipana Tooth Paste now. That's commonsense care for your gums—and your smile.

Gum massage—for my SMILE?

Yes, Ma'am. You see, your smile is only as bright as your teeth. And sound, sparkling teeth depend so much on healthy gums. So put Ipana and massage to work and help keep gums firmer, healthier.

What's "Pink Tooth Brush" all about?

That, dear lady, is for your dentist to decide. So, if your tooth brush "shows pink", heed its warning. Make for your dentist's—but *fast.*

He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—robbed of vigorous work by modern, soft creamy foods. He may very likely suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage, as dentists so often do.

"Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but with massage does a real job of helping gums too. From now on each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums."

"The refreshing 'tang' when I massage my gums tells me that circulation is increasing in the gum tissues, helping gums to healthier soundness—and my teeth are more sparkling already!"

Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage!

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Wit and Wisdom

In Fewer Words

Gastronomically Speaking—Ruddy Hess complains of the way they cook his fish. Hitler's case is different. He doesn't like the way they're cooking his goose.—Ottawa Citizen.

Puss in Roots—Instead of going after mice, an Oklahoma kitten likes to nibble flowers. Imagine the disgust of the mother when she comes mewing 'Look, ma, I just caught a petunia.'—Toronto Star

Duck Egg—And the fellow who hasn't a cent to his name can express his fortune in a round number.—Calgary Albertan.

Perhaps He's Cold (as) well—Heard about the couple who called their baby CCF because every 20 minutes he hollers that it's time for a change?—North Bay Nugget.

His Transfers Were Good, Too—There has been a good deal of discussion about that San Francisco streetcar conductor who was discovered to have nine wives, but no one has ever said that he was not good at his job—which was, of course, collecting the fare.—Peterborough Examiner

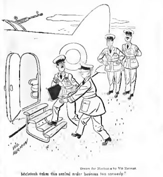
Hawaii Daddy?—Twin babies have just signalled over the long distance telephone to their daddy in Hawaii. Cost: $36. Well, for crying out loud!—London Free Press

Must Be Cuckoos—Most of the robins seen in the spring are not birds which have returned to Canada but those which have remained here throughout the winter.—Toronto Globe and Mail

Lucky Ones Have Five—Doctor says that poker playing is bad on the heart, and the Kitchener Record has yet to hear of a poker player who has a heart.—Chatham News.

Turnabout—It used to be that the trucks were running the highways but now it is just the other way around.—Stratford Beacon Herald

Heil Hobos—A photo of marching Volkssturmers in Berlin suggests that Hitler has not only scraped the bottom of the manpower barrel but emptied the benches in the parks.—Winnipeg Free Press.



Drawn for Maclean's by Vic Herman

McIntosh takes this sealed order business too seriously."

ACTORS' FACES
are extra sensitive

BOBBY CLARK, star of "Mexican Hayride" says: "Years of removing make-up here made my face very sensitive. But I can shave closely with Williams. It never stings or irritates my face!"

Now made with soothing lanolin, Williams Shaving Cream brings still greater comfort to men with sensitive skins. Its rich, soothing lather softens whiskers completely, lets you shave clean without irritation. Get Williams with lanolin—feel the difference.

...that's why **Bobby Clark** *shaves with soothing* ***WILLIAMS***

Laughing Matter

Sign Here—Jack Stinnett of the AP recently wagered he could find enough dopes who'd sign any petition to the government, no matter how ridiculous. He won. . . He got hundreds of signatures asking Uncle Sam to create a pension for the widow of The Unknown Soldier.—Walter Winchell

The Sixth—When Harold Brown's little son was asked to name the Great Lakes, he replied—Michigan, Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario and Veronica.—South Pacific Mail

Let's Start Over Again—Talking of pronunciation, I have always liked the old story of the lady who visited a wounded soldier in hospital in the last war and asked him to tell her his experiences.

"When we was up at Wipers——" began the soldier.

"Ypres," said the lady with conscious rectitude.

"When we was at Wipers——"

"Ypres," repeated the lady.

The soldier stared at her.

"When we was at Wipers——" he began again.

"Ypres," said the lady.

"Look 'ere," said the soldier, "you go and drink a glass o' water and come back when you've got rid o' them 'iccups."—Beachcomber in Daily Express.

Vengeance—New York's Senator Royal S. Copeland, who is also a physician, tickles the funny bones of his dinner companions with his medical yarn.

A man who had been bitten by a dog found that his wounds didn't heal and consulted a doctor. The physician, alarmed by the appearance of the wound, had the dog caught and examined. The dog had rabies. As it was too late to give the man a serum, the doctor told him he would have to die of hydrophobia.

The poor man sat down at a desk and began writing. The physician sought to comfort him.

"Perhaps it will not be so bad," he said. "You needn't make your will now."

"I'm not making my will," replied the man. "I'm writing out a list of people I'm going to bite."—Truro Bulletin

Harmless—It was the Englishman's first visit north of the border and as he waited on the station platform for a connection he whiled away the time asking the porter questions.

"I suppose you have a provost in this town?" he asked.

"Aye," replied the porter.

"Does he have insignia like our mayors?"

"Does he have what?"

"Insignia. For instance, does he wear a chain?"

"A chain!" exclaimed the porter in astonishment. "Ne, na, he gangs about loose. But dinna be feared o' him; he's quite harmless."—Calgary Albertan.

He Meant It—"On the day on which my wedding occurred——"

"You'll pardon the correction, but affairs such as marriages, receptions, dinners and things of that sort 'take place.' It is only calamities which 'occur.' You see the distinction?"

"Yes, I see. As I was saying, the day on which my wedding occurred——"—Welland Port Colborne Tribune

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If you have "hard-to-manage" hair . . . if you notice unsightly dandruff specks after combing . . . it's time to treat *dry scalp* this easy way. Just comb in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every morning, or rub it right on your scalp. Then, each time you shampoo your hair, start off by massaging vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—then rub a little on afterward when dry. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic softens up dry, itchy scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. It overcomes that "half-groomed" look . . . makes and keeps your hair good-looking and easy-to-manage.

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Parade

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

WILLIAM CLARK is a five foot four inch bit of Old England who stands guard over the imposing portals of the Royal Ontario Museum. Mr Clark who is 73 has been standing guard at the museum off and on for 19 years and recently admitted the fifth million visitor, an Alberta soldier.

Mr Clark says he likes his job fine—"You meet so many interesting people"—but he'd rather talk about his five daughters and his 12 grandchildren. "They call me 'Pop' you know. Not Grandpop."

Yet he has fixed ideas about who should be allowed in to view the dinosaurs, the suits of armor and the museum's famous Chinese collection.

"No drunks. Definitely no drunks," he says, pointing to the highly polished marble floors. "Why, they might fall and break a bone off a dinosaur!"

Mr Clark gets a little impatient with people who come in waving an auto license or a birth certificate. "Think this is the blinkin' Parliament Buildings, they do."

We asked Mr. Clark what most people wanted to see at the museum.

"The mummy," he replied without hesitation. "All I hear all day long is 'where's the mummy?' Guess people like to look at dead people."

We asked the name of the museum's mummy and were mildly surprised that Mr Clark didn't know. But then neither did the information desk. It appears that no one is interested in the mummy's name—all they want to do is look at the body.

But a phone call to the proper department brought forth the information. The mummy, it appears, is Hetaus, a young Egyptian lady of the upper class who lived somewhere along the Nile in the 12th century B.C. Mr Clark jotted down the information on a slip of paper and tucked it into his vest—"Just in case, you know."

Mr Clark is very proud of the visitors' book with its signatures of foreign nobility and governors general. He remembers admitting all the distinguished visitors.

We noticed an entry for—oddly enough—Dec. 7, 1927. It read: "Kasake Hamada and Sanehogo Kowaki, Kyoto Imperial University, Tokyo."

"Remember them?" we asked.

Mr Clark studied the entry—"December 7 . . . Japanese."

The ribbons on Mr Clark's chest began to vibrate. "No, I don't," he said, turning away, and then added, "the blighters!"

• • •

A Vancouver barber asked the Zoning By-law Board of Appeal for permission to build a housekeeping unit above his barber shop for himself and his "companion of 20 years."

The companion, he informed the board by letter, is Polly. "She's a parrot." The board granted his request.

• • •

Wonder if they got him? From the classified columns of the Tisdale, Sask. Recorder—"WANTED—Skip

for rink in the Tisdale bonspiel. Previous experience not necessary, but must have two good permits."

• • •

The fine distinction between a secondhand article and an antique was aired at length in a Toronto police court recently when an antiquarian book dealer appeared on a charge of failing to buy a $2 secondhand license. The magistrate decided that secondhand articles which are rare may be classed as antiques and the dealer was freed of the charge.

Said a university professor appearing for the dealer: "If this court action is sustained Toronto will become the laughing stock of the whole world."

The constable who laid the charge remained unimpressed.

Handed a copy of a book written by John Milton in the 17th century when he was secretary to Oliver Cromwell, he was asked: "What is that?"

"It's a secondhand book," replied the constable.

• • •

Uncle Sam's G.I. Joes have a penchant for sending home souvenirs of all sizes, shapes and forms. But two doughfeet at Dawson Creek, B.C., recently met their match when they

YOU'D BETTER SEND HIM BUD IN A FRIEND OF THE PRESIDENT'S
WAAL THAT'S A LOTTA BULL MOOSE!
EXPRESS

attempted to ship two live bull moose to the folks back home.

The soldiers put the animals in crates at Fort St. John and brought them to Dawson Creek for reshipment.

The shipping agent refused the shipment and the game warden ordered the moose returned to Fort St. John and released.

Contributions to Parade should be of general interest, actual origin, and refer to happenings within or closely connected to Canada. Items should be accompanied by some substantiating evidence. Accepted contributions are paid for at regular rates. No contributions can be returned.

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The Hall Mark of Fine Furniture

Snyder's
SANI-BILT
LIVING ROOM FURNITURE
Waterloo, Ont. Montreal, Que.

No place like home...Have a Coke

...or let's have a swing session at our house

A good time right in their own homes is something young folks enjoy with all their hearts. When their hobbies are welcomed, and their friends are made to feel "just like one of the family"—that's about all they want. And refreshing Coca-Cola is a great big part of the picture. *Have a Coke* just naturally means, *Be one of our gang*—whenever young folks meet. Keep Coca-Cola in your icebox where it will be handy when the bunch comes over. Coke is to them not only a delicious treat—but their own chosen symbol of companionship, happy hours, and congenial friends.

Coca-Cola
-the global
high-sign

"Coke"=Coca-Cola

You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED